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From Another America—Roger Rosenblatt

Unnatural Dance—Roger Copeland

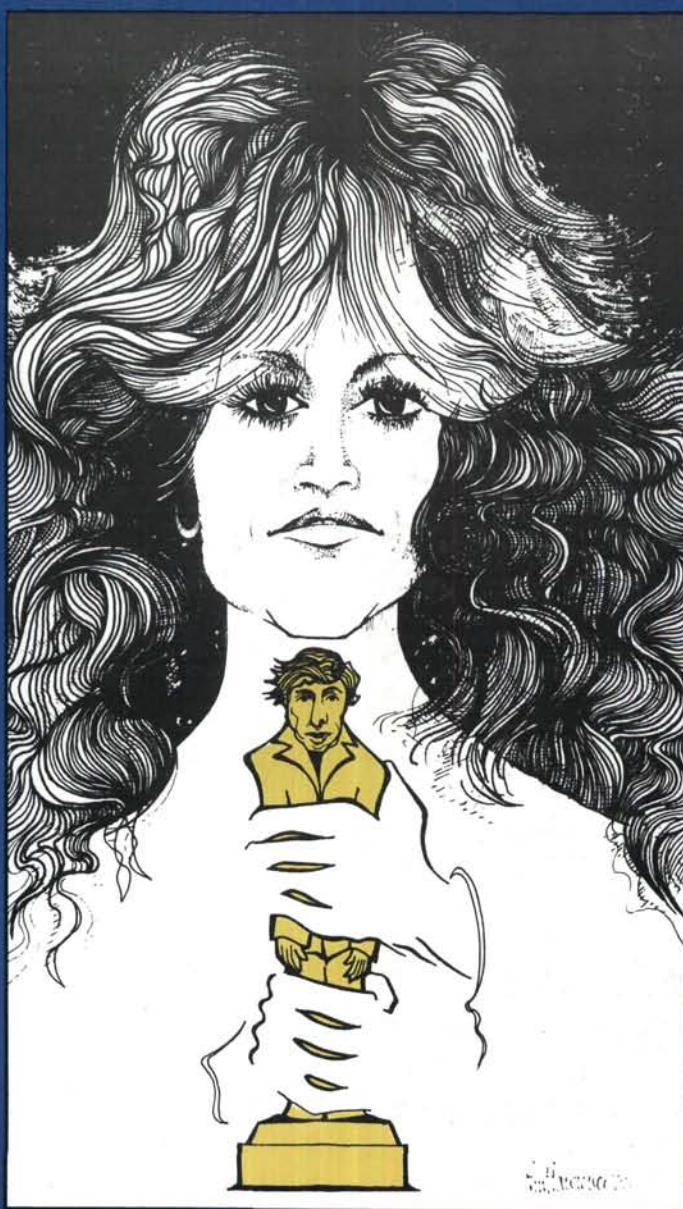
THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 17, 1979

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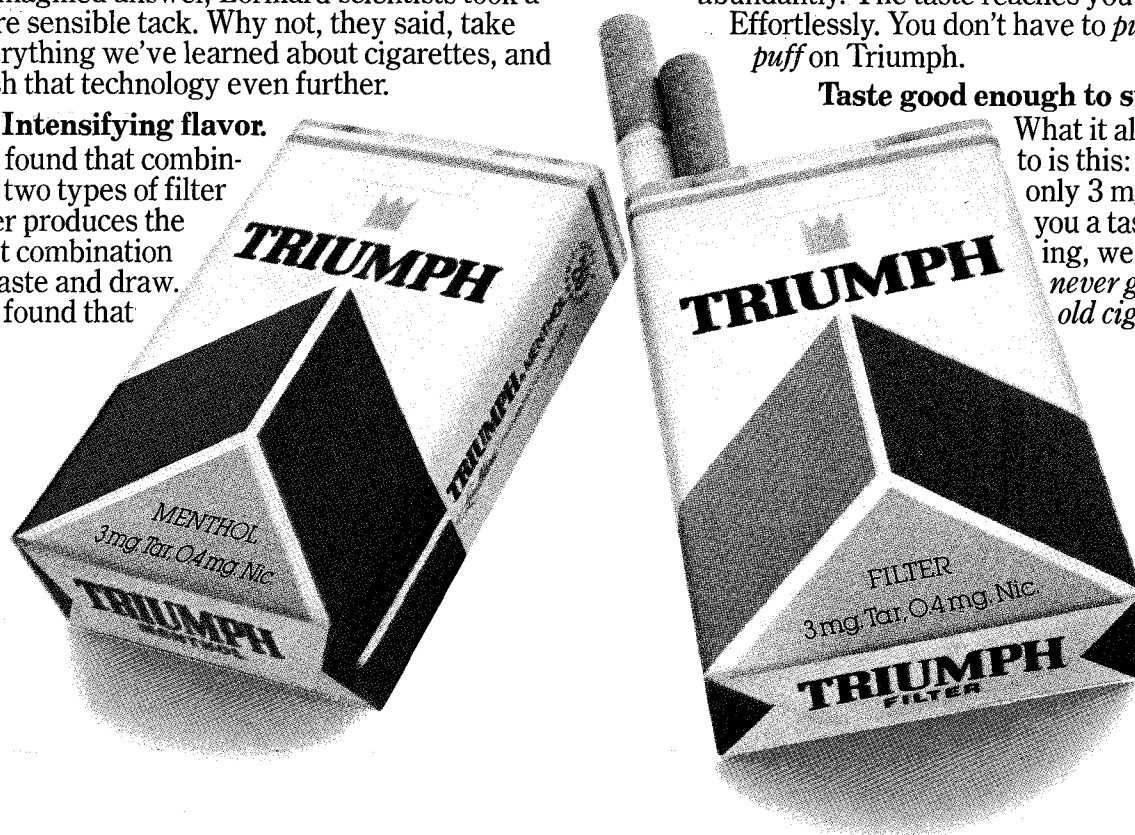
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TRB

from Washington
November 17, 1979

®

Image and Reality

TRB watched himself being interviewed by Dick Cavett last week and got to musing about the difference between image and substance. The show was taped earlier, and here was the TV TRB discussing President Harding's love life and other matters on the screen and the real TRB sitting uncomfortably in a chair listening in. There is a kind of eerie unreality about a lot of things in life these days. Take a prosaic example: a silver 25 cent piece. Only it isn't silver anymore; examine the edge and see the copper. Also it doesn't buy anything anymore. Which is which and where did it go? All very confusing! It is so about many things in Washington right now—in economics, in politics; it is the difference between Camelot and Chappaquiddick.

I thought about this the other day in reading the good, gray *New York Times*, which is as substantial and valuable as anything I know. Of all the events in the world that weekend of November 4, the *Times* chose to lead the paper with the contest in Maine between Republican candidates George Bush, former CIA Director, and Senator Howard H. Baker Jr. of Tennessee. "Bush Upsets Field In Informal Ballot By the Maine GOP" said the headline. I grabbed the account to

find the vote. Not in the lead, not in the second paragraph. Not in the third, nor in the eighth; not on the first page. "Continued on Page 19, Column 1." I turned eagerly: "Mr. Bush, pitting rousing oratory against Mr. Baker's first serious organizational effort, came out ahead today at the party's informal convention," the reporter said.

The suspense was intolerable. "The straw poll, which has no binding effect on the 21 delegates Maine will choose next year to send to the Republican National Convention, was conducted in an effort to attract national attention and revive the traditional slogan, 'As Maine goes, so goes the nation.'"

I was coming closer. Two paragraphs more and I learned that "Mr. Bush not only defeated Mr. Baker, but also Mr. Reagan, who did not appear here, although he appeared in Boston last night. . . ."

Ah, and here it is!—"Mr. Bush got 466 votes, or 35 percent of the total. Mr. Baker got 446, or 33 percent. Mr. Connally got 236 or 18 percent, and Mr. Reagan had 98, or seven percent. . . ." In short, Bush beat Baker by 20 votes out of 912 between them. (There were 81,551,600 votes in the 1976 election.) This leads the *New York Times*. And there is a year of the election still to come.

This difference between form and reality is nowhere sharper today than in the field of economics. By latest figures, observers are not certain that there will be a recession this year at all. Good news!—no, bad. It could mean that the delayed recession will be deeper and more prolonged, and particularly difficult for President Carter fighting to get the nomination next year. It is hard to see how any Democrat can get elected in a serious decline.

The inflation illusion bewilders millions. Pay envelopes are bigger but what the contents will buy is smaller. It is cruel irony. According to one estimate, a median couple with two children got around \$7947 after taxes in 1969. Ten years later the figure has almost doubled to around \$15,546. The couple seems to be following the happy American tradition of getting ahead. Alas, not so. In real purchasing power the 1979 income will buy only about \$7800 worth of goods, or a little less than 10 years ago. By running hard the couple hasn't quite held its own.

It is surprising that there haven't been more strikes. The average American worker has been slipping backward. Inflation is currently around 13 percent;

a man who gets a 10 percent pay boost is still three percent behind. Since spring a family receiving \$20,000 has fallen back by \$1210 or so. No wonder families are going into debt. Why save money when the dollar in your pocket is losing 13 cents every year?

One of the biggest discounts of all between image and reality is in politics, and that brings me at length by a roundabout way to Teddy Kennedy's formal announcement at Faneuil Hall that he will try to take the Democratic nomination away from Jimmy Carter. Only one president, I believe, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, has tried for renomination and been rejected by his own party. Will Carter make it two?

I have to declare a personal interest: Kennedy has articulated for me the liberal side in Congress better than any other senator for years. I had hoped he would wait for another election before he made his bid. On Labor Day he declared, "I expect President Carter to be renominated and reelected and I expect to support him." There will be a wrenching battle now that may well bring a Republican to the White House, particularly in a bad recession, which is not unlikely. There is also the inevitable confrontation between Camelot and Chappaquiddick. The presidency is a many-faceted job: king and prime minister and commander-in-chief and archbishop of Canterbury all rolled into one. It is not sanctimonious to consider the moral character of candidates. I sensed this last July 7 when I wrote in this space, "if Kennedy runs, political reporters will have to move over for gossip writers, psychiatrists, and investigative reporters." It has begun. Roger Mudd, who interviewed Kennedy for CBS on November 4, put it brutally: "Do you think, Senator, that anybody will really ever believe your explanation of Chappaquiddick?" It is, indeed, hard to believe. Kennedy pleaded that he had mistaken the road to the narrow Massachusetts bridge before the accident from which he emerged from the submerged black Oldsmobile—alone. Evidently he is raising the issue head-on now in the hope that people will tire of it by convention time. Will they? Ten years ago he also went on TV-radio and told the voters of Massachusetts (eight days after the accident) "I was overcome, I'm frank to say, by a jumble of emotions: grief, fear, doubt, exhaustion, panic, confusion and shock." The word that leaps out from that is "panic." It is politically lethal.

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MOVING?

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November 17, 1979



Ayatollah So

News photos of blindfolded American embassy hostages in Tehran create a natural stirring to send in Marines for a daring rescue—and maybe, somehow, to strike a blow to topple the fanatic regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini. It's not surprising that constituents have been calling US representatives with bellicose suggestions about what the United States should do as a response to the embassy takeover in Iran. It's not surprising that some legislators are repeating what they hear from home.

What is disturbing is how people who might be expected to prize their reputations for calm and rationality have given in so quickly to retaliatory fever, and how others have begun so quickly to seize upon a delicate crisis for political advantage. "Moderate" Republican presidential candidate George Bush, for example, declared that his response to the Iran situation would be "a paramilitary plan" to free the US hostages. The *Washington Post* said it would like to cut off diplomatic relations with Iran and shut down the Iranian embassy in Washington.

John Connally, Ronald Reagan, and Gerald Ford took a cowardly way out. They all declined to say what they actually would *do* about the Iran crisis, but contended that President Carter's "appeasement" (Connally's word) or his failure to support the shah adequately (Reagan and Ford) had encouraged Iranian militants to seize our embassy. Connally's reference to appeasement is ironic, in view of his recently stated Middle East policy, which is to sell out Israel in the hope of secure

Arab oil. For consistency, Connally should be urging us to ship the shah off to certain death in Tehran if Iran will only promise to maintain its petroleum production.

The political and congressional fuss concerning the embassy seizure has put pressure on the administration to do something "strong" or "forceful"—meaning military—either to rescue the hostages or to retaliate against Iran in case harm is done to them. It's good that the administration has maintained its composure, and we hope it will continue to do so, even if the worst should happen.

While the Americans are still in captivity (as they are as this is written), the administration has to handle the situation the way an enlightened police department does with a gunman holding hostages in a building: by talking, negotiating, delaying, reasoning—and lying, if necessary. However emotionally satisfying it might be to mount a military raid like the Mayaguez rescue operation after the fall of Cambodia in 1975, this probably would only get a lot of Americans killed. Rescuing 40 captured Mayaguez crewmen from an unpopulated island cost the lives of 41 American servicemen. Landing a force in the middle of a hostile capital probably would cost many more American deaths among captives, troops, and the 500 American civilians still residing in Iran.

It's ironic that the Palestine Liberation Organization would appear on the scene to negotiate for the release of the American hostages as "a humanitarian action." Obviously we do not object to their doing so, or to the

US government's talking with PLO emissaries about this subject. We would favor talking to the very devil to win the hostages' safe release, while disclaiming any acceptance of his larger purposes. In the case of the PLO, if a terrorist organization can perform a humanitarian action, that is one point in its favor. But it does not cease to be a terrorist organization. Such action does not wash the blood from its hands, and it does not earn it the recognition that might come from renunciation of future terrorism. Before the rest of the world overstates the meaning of the PLO's offer to negotiate, it should remember that the toleration the world has shown the PLO's terrorism in the past has served as encouragement for the taking of American hostages in Tehran.

Whoever plays the intermediary, it should be made clear to the Ayatollah Khomeini that the future of US-Iran relations is riding on his conduct now. He is responsible for the student invasion of our embassy. He could get the hostages released merely by ordering it. So he has to be told that any harm done to the Americans will mean the deterioration and, possibly, a total shutdown of relations between our countries.

There are things that Iran will lose if we sever ties completely. The US has been selling Iran military equipment. We provided home heating oil when Iranian stocks went low. All of that, plus whatever else might be available in the way of food, medicine, or commerce, can be stopped if that is what Khomeini chooses. And though the ayatollah says America is the number one enemy of his revolution, he must really know that the Soviet Union is a greater threat, as are Iran's many homegrown armed separatist movements. We can inform Khomeini that if our hostages are not released, the American people will be ill disposed to our government's doing anything to help him hold Iran together, including warning the Soviets against aid to the separatists.

There have been worries that Khomeini might cut off US oil supplies to pressure us for the shah's extradition. But this would not be effective. Iran provides only five percent of US oil consumption. To cut us off would require cutting off the rest of the world at the same time, and also cutting off the oil revenues that keep Iran's economy from collapsing.

We do have leverage with the ayatollah. If we are successful, and our hostages are released unharmed, we ought to maintain cool, correct relations with Iran. We should not shut down our embassy, but we should exact assurances from Khomeini that this takeover never will be repeated. The Iranian embassy in Washington should stay open, but any Iranian students arrested demonstrating in the US should be expelled.

If our hostages are killed, there will be severe pressure on the administration from the outside—and strong temptation on the inside—to react violently. But it will do little good to kill Iranian civilians or even soldiers because of what the ayatollah has done. We should, of course, sever diplomatic relations with Iran

and expel or intern Iranian diplomats. We should declare our hostility to his regime and our hope that the Iranian people will quickly topple it and bring a new, liberal government to power. Overtly, we should intervene only to warn the Soviet Union to keep its hands off Iran's oil fields. Covertly, we should provide whatever aid we can to Kurds and other groups dedicated to bringing down the ayatollah's government.

Finally, the United States should try to rally the law-abiding nations of the world to condemn Iran for the embassy takeover. All of them, as owners of embassies, have an interest in doing so. If harm comes to the American hostages, we should try to get other nations to break relations along with us and make the ayatollah's regime a pariah. We have no illusions, though, that any of this will bring him down. For that, we will have to look to the Iranian people. We hope we will not have long to wait.

White House Watch

Moving On

On Tuesday morning, November 6, Jimmy Carter told Robert Strauss—who understates events involving him only when he figures that understatement will be to his advantage—that the President needed him more to run the campaign for Carter's renomination and reelection in 1980 than the President needed him to continue conducting negotiations for a Middle East settlement among the governments of Israel, Egypt, and other Arab countries. Strauss had been saying and said to a group of reporters the morning after the campaign assignment was publicized that he hadn't been doing badly and indeed had been doing better than the media generally credited him with doing in the Middle East negotiations. It being so manifestly to the advantage of all parties to conclude some sort of Middle East peace, the Strauss claim is believable. But there can be no doubt that Strauss for a quite a while had figured that the President needed him more at home than in the Middle East and that Strauss was not astonished by the campaign assignment. Strauss or somebody acting for him planted the story of the shift with the *Washington Post's* David Broder late on Monday, November 5. Given Broder's reputation as the capital's best political reporter and analyst, he was the logical planter. Such changes should be announced and not leaked, but in this decadent Washington that probably is beside the point.

This reporter's (and no official's) reading of the shift of Strauss from the Middle East to the 1980 Carter campaign follows. Carter concluded that there was not going to be any big break in the Middle East Israel-

Correspondence

Disarmament by the grave

To the editors:

Thank you for publishing Hans J. Morgenthau's brilliant article which excoriated the intellectual obsolescence of the SALT II strategic arms debate ("Fighting the Last War," TNR, October 20). By exposing the humbug of the war-head-counting exercise apotheosized by the debaters, Morgenthau reveals the modern meaning of arms control and disarmament: control by an irrational fate and disarmament by the grave. In this way, one comes to understand a policy swindle which, in the name of arms control and disarmament, requires more nuclear weapons, new missiles, and God knows what else. If belief in scientific progress or the susceptibility of the social world to progressive rationalization will not ameliorate the destructiveness of nuclear weapons, certainly larger and larger stockpiles of them cannot do so.

H.G. Temple
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the editors:

Hans Morgenthau's reference to Henry Kissinger's July 3, 1974 Moscow press conference discussion of the relationship between nuclear arms and strategic superiority is especially valuable because, as Professor Morgenthau noted, the former secretary of state has tried to rearrange the historical record to fit his current analysis of the virtues of SALT II.

At that Moscow briefing, at the end of President Nixon's last summit session with Leonid Brezhnev, Dr. Kissinger did indeed say:

If we have not reached an agreement [on SALT] well before 1977, then I believe you will see an explosion of technology and explosion of numbers [of MIRV'ed missiles] at the end of which we will be lucky if we have the present stability. Then it will be impossible to describe what strategic superiority means. And one of the questions which we have to ask ourselves as a country is what in the name of God is strategic superiority? What is the significance of it—politically, militarily, operationally—at these levels of numbers? What do you do with it?

Now, as Dr. Morgenthau reported, the former SALT negotiator has told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (but only in a footnote to his prepared

statement of July 31) that his Moscow statement "reflected fatigue and exasperation, not analysis." Dr. Kissinger now says he has "come to regret" that statement, but his mea culpa is unconvincing and incomplete. Under less strenuous circumstances in 1974 he three times put forth a very similar analysis of the (in)significance of strategic superiority to the one he now regrets. I share Dr. Morgenthau's view that the "heart of the SALT II debate is the issue of strategic superiority." I only wish, for the sake of coherence in this vital discussion, that key debaters such as Dr. Kissinger were consistent enough to choose one side and stay on it.

Joseph R. Biden Jr.
United States Senate
Washington, DC

Principal principles

To the editors:

In his letter to TNR of September 29, Assistant Secretary of State Charles W. Maynes states "... it would seem to be a fundamental *principal* of responsible journalism for *New Republic* editors to request that the author of such a total misrepresentation obtain the response of the official mentioned before rushing into print." Without considering the merits of this issue, I would suggest that a principal officer of the State Department should get his principles in order.

Ernest M. Shalowitz
Washington, DC

Our next president

To the editors:

In "John Connally, Weakling" (TNR, October 27), you came through as a paranoiac—screaming and pounding the table.

You should, I think, exhibit at least a modicum of respect for our next president.

J.M. Perryman
Houston, Texas

Hagridden America

To the editors:

Well, thank heaven for courageous men like H. F. (Washington Diarist, October 13) who find in these hagridden times the guts to stand up for male supremacy.

Not only have those female transvestites driven all meaningful pomp and ceremony from the nation's service academies, but by insisting on shouldering their way into a traditionally male domain, they have joined their civilian "sisters" in the systematic destruction of America's traditional bastion of virtue and order—the home. No wonder our nation's youth is running wild on the streets and the crime rate is soaring. No wonder the economy is on its last legs and well-trained men cannot find the positions for which they are qualified. No wonder our public institutions are scorned and our military and moral dominance of the globe is irretrievably lost. And no wonder, indeed, that the Soviets have so little respect for this pitiful giant that they are emboldened to station a full-fledged combat brigade upon our very doorstep, in flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine and all that it stands for.

Further, isn't it time we restored the draft and redressed the racial balance of our armed forces? Let the blacks into the upper echelons of the services and the next thing you know they've installed a dynastic succession at the U.N. and are expressing opinions on foreign policy. Horrifying.

Mina J. Carson
Natick, Massachusetts

More on handguns

To the editors:

I had occasion, recently, to review for another magazine Don B. Kates's *Restricting Handguns—The Liberal Skeptics Speak Out*, and so read with more than ordinary interest Graham Hughes's review of the same book in *The New Republic* (September 29). Hughes spends most of his review rehearsing the usual "liberal" arguments against private possession of handguns. I want to call attention to something nearly obscured by Hughes's arguments.

In a long paragraph, Hughes contests the notion that things have gotten so bad in this country that private citizens need to worry about the best means of protecting themselves from criminal violence. "If hideous danger lurks all around at all times, if we really live in *nacht und nebel*," he argues, "then we'd be foolish not to carry a gun." But we don't live in *nacht und nebel*, and so the idea of carrying a handgun for protection is itself unreasonable.

The problem with Hughes's argument is that there's an illegitimate shift in the

(continued on page 40)

Egypt negotiations in time to do him any substantial good in the political campaign. He and Strauss had hoped for such a break when Carter made Strauss the Middle East negotiator and Strauss said in effect that he superseded both Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski in the handling of those negotiations. The anticipated break did not materialize for reasons that Carter and Strauss might have foreseen but didn't. Strauss's reputation as among the very smartest and ablest of Carter's advisers was about to crack. Neither Carter nor Strauss wanted that to happen. Senator Edward M. Kennedy's dancing toward and final candidacy for the 1980 Democratic nomination completed the process of realization that Carter needed a professional pol of Strauss's stature to run his campaign.

Changes on the order of the Strauss change involve lesser changes that are important to the individuals involved and to the public. Strauss said November 7 that he hadn't had time to study the Carter-Mondale campaign committee staff structure closely enough for any conclusions. Baloney. He had to come to a couple of conclusions. His longtime campaign and administrative associate and master money-raiser, Lee Kling, is to be the Carter-Mondale campaign committee's treasurer. Leslie C. Francis, a former White House staffer who recently has had a varied assignment history, is valued by Strauss and is to be elevated in the campaign committee. Francis was the managerial mainstay of Frank Moore's White House legislative lobbying staff when it was the fashion, before the recent upsurge in Carter's legislative progress in Congress, to downrate Moore as Carter's very worst Georgian. Francis was transferred to White House staff chief Hamilton Jordan's stable to provide it with the managerial talents that Jordan lacked. All of a sudden, after that reputed managerial genius, Alonzo McDonald, appeared at the White House, Francis was transferred from Jordan to the Carter-Mondale campaign committee with the title of staff director. He was supposed to provide the managerial talents that campaign manager Tim Kraft, also a recent transfer from the Jordan operation, was said to lack. Management of a headquarters staff may differ drastically from knowledge of how to organize support in a state party caucus—in Iowa, for instance, where Kraft's success in that endeavor first impressed Carter in 1976. Strauss acknowledges that Kraft knows more about that part of a campaign operation than Strauss knows.

There are other impacts. Robert Hunter of the National Security Council staff used to be an Edward Kennedy man. He's been loyal to Jimmy Carter. He recently has been assigned to Ambassador Strauss as his Middle East specialist on NSC. Strauss's successor as Middle East negotiator, Sol Linowitz, has been urged to take Hunter off NSC and make him Linowitz's deputy. Based on this reporter's limited knowledge of Hunter and his larger knowledge of Strauss's admira-

tion for Hunter, Linowitz would be wise if he did so. Hunter, if mistreated or neglected, could go back to Edward Kennedy.

Reputable journalists, some of them better informed in the national security field than this reporter is, recently have written some awful crap about the NSC and its staff chief, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Brzezinski, to start with, is not "the head of the NSC." Carter is. Brzezinski is head of the NSC staff, as his predecessors have been. Brzezinski has hardened his own stance toward the Soviet Union, strategic arms attitudes, and the like in private consultations with Carter and others, but there has been a vast overwriting of changes in the NSC staff, supposedly to support Brzezinski's hardening attitudes. Most of the overwriting comes (not to me but to other journalists) from Brzezinski and fearful antagonists at the Defense Department. One of the officials cited in some of these accounts is Ambassador-at-large Henry Owen, who has been assigned to but not on the NSC staff since May 1977. He is mainly concerned with international economic affairs and not at all with the Soviet problems and relationships that preoccupy Brzezinski. Other "new" staffers, most of them there for months, are adjudged by people who have worked with them to be "liberal" rather than "hawk," to the limited extent that those labels mean anything. Anyhow, and this is written by a fellow not known for excessive admiration for Brzezinski, he doesn't need assistants' guts. The one serious, fairly new addition to the NSC staff is Air Force Major General Jasper Welch. Brzezinski is said to be determined to firm up the NSC staff's positions on military matters ranging from SALT to the 1981 defense budget level and the related controversy over how far to go toward succumbing to congressional pressure for bigger increases in real defense spending than the President wants to accept. General Welch is said to be there to give informed, coherent analysis and guidance on such issues. Non-hawks who welcome him to the NSC staff say that he is more intelligent and more sensible than the journalists who hail him as a Brzezinski hardliner perceive him to be.

The play of views and in-house contests that resulted in the federal support of the Chrysler Corporation discussed elsewhere in this issue illustrates how the current White House operation works. An awareness at the White House that Chrysler's troubles could constitute a serious federal problem dates back to last February. Former treasury secretary Michael Blumenthal, domestic affairs adviser Stuart Eizenstat, and others started tracking the problem then and followed it afterward. It came to a crux, in the form of specific Chrysler cries for federal salvation, three days after Blumenthal's successor, G. William Miller, took office in August. He and Stuart Eizenstat were the primary actors after that. The Economic Policy Group figured nominally but it was Miller's and Eizenstat's show. Blumenthal and Eizenstat had asked the

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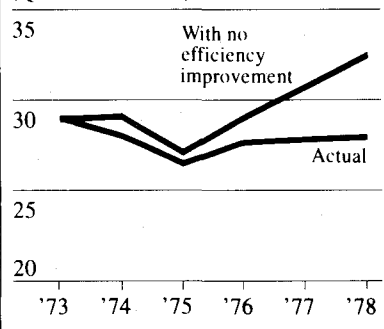
But a recent study from the Harvard Business School (*Energy Future: Report of the Energy Project at the Harvard Business School*. Edited by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin. Random House, 1979.) articulates a harsh reality in the outlook: there's no quick fix. As the study notes, technical, economic and political factors often combine to delay—for better or worse—the development of these additional sources of energy.

The urgency in these conclusions is loud and clear. If only modest amounts of new energy are available on the supply side in the near term, the nation needs a *transitional* energy source. Compelling evidence indicates that conservation—new energy from the *demand* side—is the fastest, cheapest, cleanest and most abundant new energy around. According to Stobaugh and Yergin, appropriate public policies could stimulate enough “extra conservation” to reduce imported oil's share of America's total energy supply from 24 percent in 1977 to 17 percent by the late 1980's. But how do we get “extra conservation”?

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Improvements in industrial energy efficiency, for example, saved the equivalent of two million barrels of oil per day in 1978 over what would have been required to do the same job in 1973.

Yet higher prices can't induce *all* the conservation we need to cut our dependence on foreign oil significantly in the next ten years. The irony is one well known to any consumer: sometimes you just can't afford to spend money in order to save money.

In this sense, homeowners, commercial property owners and industry are all in the same boat. They have to choose among competing demands on their financial resources—and can't make all the energy conservation investments they need. The result is that there's less private investment in energy conservation than national priorities would otherwise require.

New incentives are needed.

Proposals to encourage greater production of “conservation energy” are now being considered in the Congress. Together with the phased decontrol of energy prices, they offer important

new incentives to help reduce America's dependence on imported oil.

The leading proposals—sponsored by Senators Kennedy and Durkin and Senators Wallop and Simpson—come at a critical time. Many consumers and companies have already completed the obvious projects that conserve energy at relatively little expense. What lies ahead are the big ticket items, things like new furnaces and new factories which embody new conservation technologies.

The Senators are proposing financial incentives to speed the nation's investment in energy conservation projects. The mechanisms under consideration vary considerably, and some will doubtless prove more effective in delivering “conservation energy” than others. But we think such approaches—which rely on a combination of public incentives and private judgments—are powerful tools for achieving energy security.

For more information, write “Conservation,” Union Carbide Corporation, Box G-23, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.



President to designate the Treasury the lead agency on the problem when it first surfaced. Carter did. Miller and Eizenstat first underestimated the problem, then insisted that Chrysler hire outside analysts (mainly Booz-Allen, a management organization that has five different headings in the current Washington telephone book), and the Treasury hired some expensive consultants of its own. The result was that Miller and Eizenstat brought budget director James McIntyre, chief economic adviser Charles Schultze, and various assistants into reluctant agreement that they should recommend to Carter that he propose to Congress a loan-guarantee level twice what Miller proposed in September.

All of those concerned, Carter included, were philosophically opposed to federal underwriting of private corporate failures of this sort. All of them succumbed to what they took to be the overwhelming evidence—from the Treasury's and Chrysler's hired analysts—that the economic and social impact of a Chrysler bankruptcy on Detroit and the Detroit area, not to mention Chrysler operations and suppliers around the country, would cost the federal government more in the end than loan guarantees that might never have to be fulfilled would cost. James McIntyre, perhaps the firmest and most committed conservative in the immediate Carter circle, was brought around from opposition to support of federal assistance by this consideration. So, according to others, was Charles Schultze, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Schultze and McIntyre insisted that the authorizing legislation require others concerned—the UAW, Chrysler suppliers, Chrysler bankers, Michigan and Detroit and localities with Chrysler facilities—to join in the support and sacrifices.

Vice President Mondale was importantly involved. Carter didn't go for the final package until Mondale got assurances from some Michigan congressmen and state and Detroit authorities, UAW, and others that they wouldn't leave Jimmy hanging out there on a save-the-corporation limb.

John Osborne

On the Hill

Mr. Hyde

It has become a gruesome fall rite: the House of Representatives, exhorted by the right-to-life movement, sits on the Labor-HEW appropriation and haggles with the Senate over precisely how much suffering and danger a poor woman must face before Medicaid will pay for her to have an abortion. This annual contest has become the main political

battleground for the abortion issue. The House each year has focused its efforts on the HEW appropriation and tried to forbid Medicaid funds for abortions except when pregnancy threatens the mother's life.

A few other appropriations, including those for the Defense Department and the District of Columbia, also have been strapped with anti-abortion amendments. But the House's concern to get the government out of the abortion business remains suspiciously selective. Members of Congress, for example, as well as their families and staffs and the families of all other federal employees, still can get a government-subsidized abortion virtually upon request. The federal government pays up to 75 percent of its employees' health insurance plans, most of which have abortion options. The government portion is paid from the appropriation for the agency where the employee works. The language of the HEW appropriation forbids the use of appropriated funds for abortion, except in extreme cases. But the Office of Personnel and Management, which runs the federal employee health insurance plans, has conveniently concluded that the restriction doesn't apply to the government's insurance payment for federal employees.

Congress could end the double standard about federal abortion payments by explicitly applying its restrictive language to the abortion benefits of government employees. But so far there has been no such move on the floor of Congress, even from Representative Henry Hyde, Republican of Illinois, who annually leads the campaign against what he calls government-sponsored murder. Rather, each year the House has chipped away only at the ability of poor women to get abortions. It appears that this year Hyde and company will win their dubious moral victory: no abortions except to save the mother's life.

The Senate traditionally has supported Medicaid payments for abortions on the same terms as any other medical treatment. For the past two years, after months of bargaining each time, the Senate and House have produced a compromise that allowed Medicaid abortions to save the mother's life, in cases of rape or incest reported promptly to the police, or when two physicians certify that continued pregnancy would cause the mother severe and lasting harm.

This year is different. In July the Senate shifted its position. Instead of approving all medically necessary abortions—the traditional Senate bargaining chip—the Senate voted merely to maintain the language of previous years. Right-to-lifers called the action a retreat and vowed to push for the strictest possible language this year. Lobbyists on both sides of the abortion issue cite two major reasons for the Senate's weak position. The proven strength of the right-to-life political machine, and the threat that it will be used to defeat any pro-abortion candidate in the next election, has created a "new atmosphere" in the Senate, according to right-to-life forces. Also, the loss of Edward Brooke, the former senator from

Massachusetts, has left the Senate without an abortion rights champion. One right-to-life lobbyist said: "Brooke was one of the few in the Senate who was willing to take on the abortion issue as a personal crusade, and there has been no one to take his place." Brooke, who was done in by family problems and not the right-to-life movement, was the senior Republican member of the Labor-HEW appropriations subcommittee. He was replaced by Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania, an outspoken opponent of abortion.

Pro-"choice" groups (as they now call themselves in response to the anti-abortionists' appropriation of "life") claimed in the summer that the Senate had not sold out to the anti-abortion crusade, and said hopefully that the Senate conferees would stick to the compromise language in committee negotiations. They didn't. The bargain struck in the "continuing resolution," which allowed those agencies without appropriations to operate without final budgets in the new fiscal year, forbade Medicaid abortions even when continued pregnancy would cause severe and lasting harm to the mother's health.

It seemed as though the terms of the bargain in the continuing resolution would be repeated in the 1980 Labor-HEW appropriation. This language was accepted, after all, by the House in the continuing resolution and later as an amendment to the District of Columbia appropriation. But in the last week of October, when the House was asked to adopt the same language for the Labor-HEW appropriation, it refused. The language would have passed by voice vote, like the continuing resolution and the DC appropriation, but Representative Robert Dornan, Republican from California and a staunch anti-abortionist, requested a vote for the record, and the measure failed miserably, 187 to 219. The Senate now must either accept the House position—no Medicaid funds for abortions except to save the mother's life—or go back to the conference table where anti-abortionists, buoyed by their recent successes, will have the upper hand.

You don't have to be pro-abortion to see that the House, and now apparently the Senate, are acting out of fright and not out of principle. Congress really isn't trying to stop "government complicity in murder." It's merely trying to satisfy right-to-lifers by throwing to the wolves a small group of the least powerful, the least articulate, and the least represented: poor women.

To be fair, it must be pointed out that such a woman does have other choices: she can have the child and multiply her own and the government's burden. She can skimp on the family budget and pay for an abortion from her meager welfare payments. She can, at the risk of her life, induce abortion herself. Taking the broader view, and knowing that no foolproof birth control method exists, a poor woman can abstain from sex. Or she can get herself sterilized, an operation for which Medicaid pays 90 percent.

Rene Becker

Chrysler will die for its own sins.

No-Fault Capitalism

Over the past decade the Chrysler Corporation has been dedicated to refuting John Kenneth Galbraith's thesis that sheer size protects American corporations from the normal hazards of the marketplace. Chrysler is the 10th largest industrial corporation in America, employing well over a hundred thousand people and selling more than a million and a half automotive vehicles each year. It is also a textbook study in how not to succeed in business. It has lost money in four of the last six years, and this year it can confidently expect to lose more than one billion dollars. In the third quarter alone, Chrysler lost \$460 million, which is more money than any other American company ever has lost in an entire year. Chrysler has made nearly every mistake an auto company could make: failing to meet the challenge in the small car market posed by the Pinto and the Vega in the early 1970s, coming out with a new line of gas guzzlers only a few weeks before the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo, trailing after General Motors in downsizing its cars.

What would you do if you were chairman of a company with a record like this? Probably just what Chrysler's Lee Iacocca did: blame it all on government regulation and demand that the government do penance by giving you a large gift of money. Since businessmen traditionally have preferred the sort of help that comes from subtle manipulation of regulatory agencies or abstruse tinkering with the tax code, Iacocca's brazen approach had a certain charming simplicity. He wanted money, and he threatened dire consequences to his own company if he didn't get it. But at the Treasury Department last summer, Chrysler's appeal drew cold rebuffs. First Iacocca wanted a "tax break" that would have channeled one billion dollars to the company immediately, to be repaid in taxes later—what amounted to an interest-free loan at best and an outright gift at worst (the worst being a Chrysler failure). Seeing this would get him nowhere, he then suggested a \$1.2-billion loan guarantee, a request Treasury Secretary William Miller called "way out of line." Still warning of catastrophe, Iacocca sent his team back to the drawing board, and they came back with a plan for \$750 million in loan guarantees.

So imagine Iacocca's surprise and delight when the Carter administration agreed to give Chrysler not merely what he wanted, but double what he wanted—\$1.5 billion in loan guarantees.

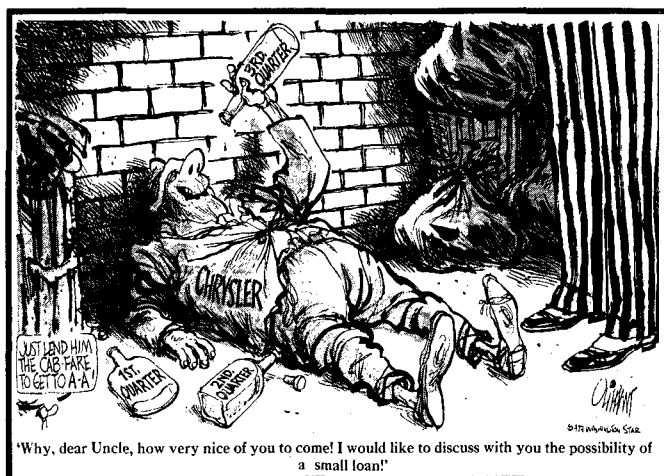
The about-face came only days after Chrysler announced its record-breaking third-quarter loss. The logic seems to be that Chrysler deserves more help because it is even more inept than had been suspected. The spectacular loss indicated that a mere \$750-million loan guarantee would be of no avail at all. Chrysler is in the position of holding itself hostage, and the \$460-

million loss finally persuaded the Treasury Department that the company might actually kill itself after all, leaving the government to clean up the blood it would spill in the process.

Treasury's public case for helping Chrysler rests mainly on the loss of jobs that a bankruptcy would mean, and on the need to preserve competition in the American auto industry. Michigan senator Don Riegel's doomsday scenario has 600,000 people out of work: 140,000 Chrysler employees, 292,000 workers at Chrysler suppliers, dealers, and shippers, and 200,000 more rendered jobless by the "additional shockwaves." This would raise national unemployment by six-tenths of one percent. The Treasury Department, which has no reason to downplay the likely effects, estimates the number of unemployed at 75,000 to 100,000. But the numbers are less important than the location of the jobs. Chrysler is the biggest single employer in the city of Detroit, with more than 60,000 workers, and a Chrysler collapse could increase unemployment there by half. Most of these employees are black—Chrysler accounts for one percent of all black income in the US—and it may have crossed the minds of a few administration officials that a city that has erupted before could well erupt again.

The argument for competition is simpler: letting Chrysler go under would leave the US with only two full-line automakers. In Treasury's view, this would strengthen the competitive position of GM and Ford and open the door to even bigger sales by foreign carmakers.

Naturally political considerations also played a big part in persuading the administration to bail out Chrysler. Perhaps not coincidentally, the president had met only a few days before with Detroit mayor Coleman Young and United Auto Workers president Douglas Fraser. These two men have a big stake in Chrysler's survival and Carter badly needs both in his reelection campaign. Michigan is politically important, since it is the seventh largest state, with 21 electoral votes. Carter can particularly use the help of the UAW in the caucuses that Michigan uses to choose Democratic convention delegates.

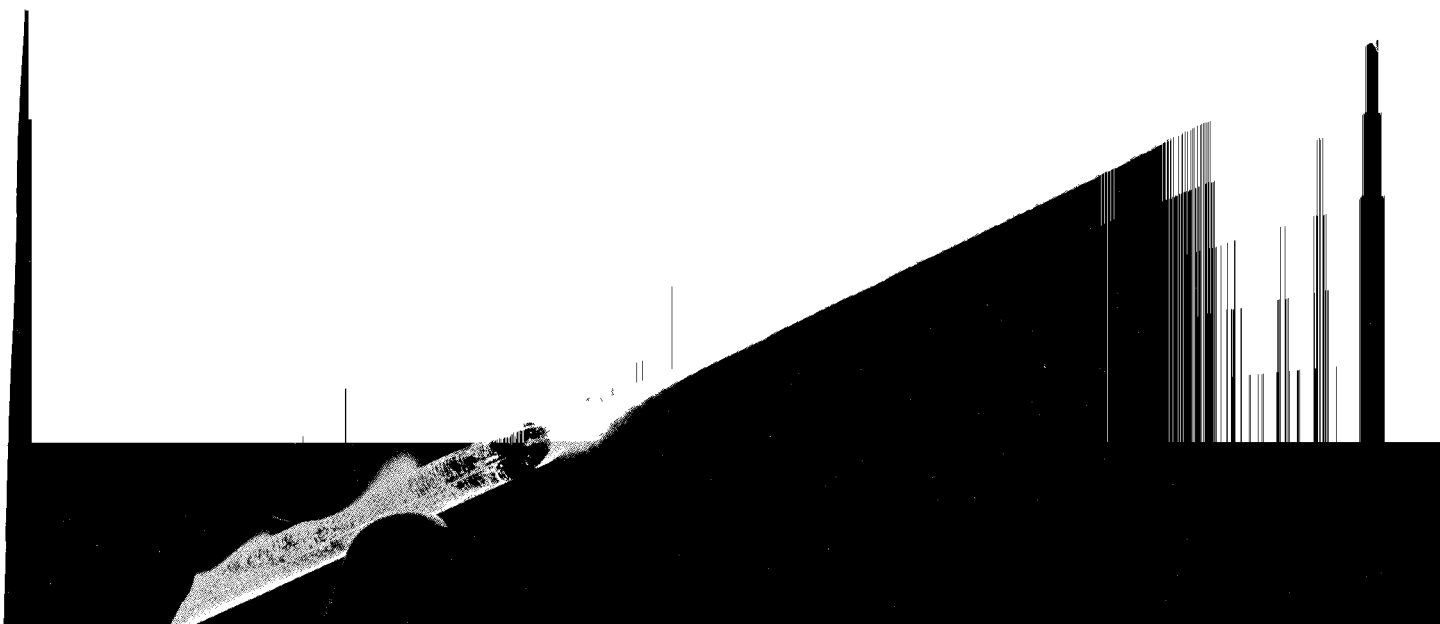


drawing by Oliphant © 1979 Washington Star

Politics aside, the administration's case for rescuing Chrysler translates into a belief that no large enterprise in this country can be allowed to fail: the number of lost jobs will be too great, the damage to the economy will be too costly. Chrysler can't make an even superficially convincing case that it has somehow been the victim of government policies and hence deserves some compensatory help. It tried and even Treasury dismissed the argument out of hand. Its only argument is that it needs the help to keep all those people employed. Giving Chrysler loan guarantees would dramatize the double standard between government treatment of big and small businesses. Every year about half a million small businesses fail. If each of these failures means even one lost job, the total is three times the workers Chrysler employs. But the government doesn't bail out these businesses because the workers affected are protected by unemployment insurance. More to the point, these businesses are scattered all over the country and lack the political power of a single corporation.

In any event, the likely effect on unemployment of a Chrysler bankruptcy has been exaggerated. Chrysler and its supporters customarily throw around the figure of 158,000 workers when talking about how many of its people will lose their jobs. That was the average Chrysler employment for last year. But the company already has cut its work force to 113,000—a reduction of more than a fourth. A lot of Chrysler's workers have skills that are in great demand right now. Fred Khedouri, an aide to Michigan Republican congressman David Stockman, says there are plenty of jobs available for engineers, tool and die workers, and mechanics, who make up a large chunk of the Chrysler payroll. Dealership employees should be able to find jobs with dealers for other companies, since Chrysler's demise wouldn't reduce the demand for cars. Even the worst-case scenario presented by a study for the Congressional Budget Office figured that two years after a Chrysler bankruptcy, the remaining effect on employment would be small. Any strategy to revive Chrysler as a going concern—which is the point of the government help, after all—will involve reducing its work force in Detroit, following the leads of Ford and General Motors. Elinor Bachrach, an aide to the Senate Banking Committee, says that in any event Chrysler can be expected to cut its Detroit employment in half over the next few years.

There's no reason to think a Chrysler failure will dampen competition in the US auto market. American consumers, after all, are no longer limited to American cars; they also can choose from a dozen or so foreign brands. Foreign cars already account for 20 percent of all new cars bought in the US. One estimate is that 40 percent of Chrysler's sales will go to foreign automakers. Even without Chrysler, the US auto market is much less concentrated than it was 20 years ago. Additional competition from aggressive, well-run foreign companies will do more to spur GM and Ford to attract customers than the competition that would



Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

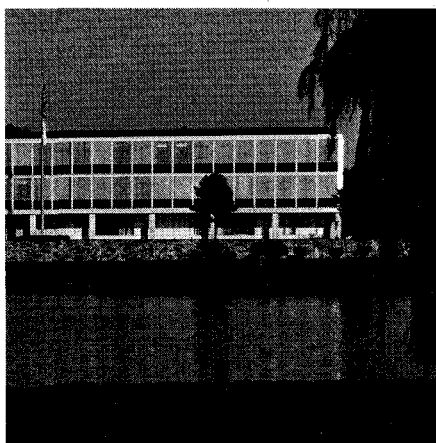
But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested,



proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.

For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern.

By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.



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come (or has come) from Chrysler. Assisting Chrysler would mean helping a competitor, but not helping competition. Quite the contrary: protecting companies from their blunders stifles competition.

Even if Chrysler gets the help proposed by the Treasury Department, its outlook isn't bright. Chrysler held 13 percent of the American car market as recently as 1976, but this year it is down to 10.2 percent. The plan it submitted last month was based on projections that it would be able to increase its share of the US car market to 12 percent by 1984. If it fails to do so, Chrysler will be in deep trouble, and there's ample reason to expect it to fail. Any increase would require a dramatic reversal of recent trends, and things are likely to get worse before they get better. All the recent bad publicity apparently has driven away customers: in October sales were down an astonishing 56 percent (compared to 20 percent for the US auto industry as a whole), and in the last 10 days of the month Chrysler had a meager seven percent of the market. Chrysler probably will be hit hardest of the three US carmakers by the recession, which, depending on whom you believe, is either already here or rapidly approaching.

But the decision on saving Chrysler should not be made on purely practical grounds. The crucial point is that we have a capitalist economy, and no one at Chrysler suggests that we should have anything else. The rules of the game in this sort of system are that companies compete to sell goods and services: those that do it well make money, and those that don't go bankrupt. The risk of losing is a crucial part of what makes the game work. If Lee Iacocca wants the opportunities for riches and prestige that go with being a successful capitalist, he should accept the chance of failure that also goes with it. Naturally he would prefer to have his cake and eat it too. But his preference here is a poor basis for public policy. If ever a company deserved to fold, it's Chrysler.

Stephen Chapman

The army holds the key.

Korea After Park

The initial announcements about the assassination of Korean president Park Chung Hee came from the Ministry of Culture and Information, and were fumbling, contradictory, and, in the end, wrong. They seemed to have been the product of a government that had lost its way. The later reports from the army command were factual, detailed, and plausible even if they didn't answer all the questions about the motives for Mr. Park's alleged assassination. These explanations appeared to have emanated from senior

army officers who knew what they were doing and were doing it with a steady hand.

Subsequent events have shown that, of all uncertainties about the future of South Korea arising from the murky murder of President Park, one thing is certain: whether South Korea stands or falls depends upon its army. The army is the only institution to survive the late president's systematic machinations to stunt the growth of all of South Korea's institutions except his own cadre in the Blue House, his office residence.

Koreans not known for their sympathy for President Park or for military juntas say that the Korean army has accepted the American concept that soldiers should stay out of politics and tend to the task of defense. Now that the army has stepped into the political vacuum left by the departure of President Park, what senior officers will do is unclear. Certainly they will remain implacable in their vigilance against North Korea. In this they have the support of the genuine anti-North Korean people of South Korea. The army will also surely do everything it can to continue South Korea's remarkable economic growth, which provides for the livelihood of the parents, brothers, and sister officers and soldiers.

Beyond that, however, the political season that opened after the funeral of President Park is cloudy. The army could keep the present authoritarian constitution, which would permit the selection of a successor with the same theoretical power, if not the personal authority, of President Park. Or it could insist that the constitution be revised, going back to the moderate form of government that obtained before Mr. Park rammed through revisions in the early 1970s that gave him the presidency for life. Finally, it could allow the speedy election of a candidate who would pledge to revise the constitution after he took office, which might be seen as a course for stability and uniform reform.

Of course there remains the possibility that the senior army officers may decide to name their own candidate. They may select the current prime minister and acting president, Choi Kyu Hah, an obedient follower of Mr. Park who has no political base of his own, to be a front man for the army. It could also choose one of its own, such as General Chung Seung Hwa, the army chief of staff, although that doesn't seem likely. In addition, there are several civilian candidates, both from President Park's party and of the opposition, who are acceptable to the army.

The issue of human rights is, obviously, connected to the political question and just as uncertain. The release of the poet Kim Chi Ha, of priests and ministers, and of other dissidents would be a gesture of national unity that might appeal to the army high command. But the history of the last two decades suggests that those dissidents are not likely to show their appreciation by going home and sitting quietly. During the occasional relaxations ordered by President Park, the dissident

invariably came out shouting and swinging. The army may not want to risk that.

Officials in Washington see it as a hopeful sign that senior Korean military officers told American officials before the assassination of President Park that they were unhappy with his handling of political dissent. Those officers were not moved by abstract ideals but by fear that harsh repression was alienating the people and thus undermining national security. The American officials hastened to add that they had seen no evidence that the army was implicated in the assassination.

United States interests in South Korea are clear. The US is obligated to help defend South Korea under a mutual security treaty and has developed a handsome trade and economic relationship with the Koreans. Washington wants stability there, now and in the future, because instability would lead to North Korean adventures and even open conflict. Still, the United States has little influence in Korea. President Park successfully ignored the suggestions and pleas and warnings of American leaders from President Carter on down. The Korean army may be more amenable to recommendations from Washington, given its long association with Americans. But Koreans always have been an admirably feisty and independent lot, and there's little reason to believe that the resolution to the current uncertainty will come from anywhere but Seoul.

Richard Halloran

Richard Halloran, a Washington correspondent for the New York Times, covered Korea from 1972 to 1976.

Where people mourn dead horses.

News from Norwich

Mary Hutchins's cousin's horse was killed last week when he slipped his tether, loped out on to Union Village Road, and was blindsided by a Plymouth going 50 miles per hour. That's not what most places call hard news, except to the horse, and it's not what they call hard news here, either—here being Norwich, Vermont, which is not exactly Hicksville. But neither is it Woodstock, 20 miles to the west, with its pricey antique stores and white pillar inn, where the men wear yellow pants after golf. Norwich is a middling prosperous town, perched just shy of halfway up the eastern line of the state, on the west bank of the Connecticut River. It has three gas pumps, six churches, a Hebrew school, a general store that carries Häagen-Dazs and the *New York Times*, and approximately 2200 people, its largest population since 1830, most of whom say good morning

to strangers, which is how newcomers like me hear about things like Mary Hutchins's cousin's horse.

Actually I was told the story by my daughter, who is becoming a fair rider thanks to Mary Hutchins, and who in turn first heard it from another of Mary's pupils, who attends my daughter's school. That is the Marion Cross elementary school, which sits near the center of town on the east side of the green across from the bandstand. The school is an old red hen of a house, with a modern wing or two jutting out like lightning, and an official sign, "Norwich Public School," hand-painted to perfection by Bill Merchant, an ex-math teacher turned calligrapher, who calls himself the Merchant of Norwich, and keeps immaculate shop about a quarter of a mile up our road. The Marion Cross school is a very good one, as are the Hanover schools a mile across the river. As far as schools are concerned, when you live in Norwich, you live in Hanover, too.

What the people of Norwich did, you see, was to vote to give their federal school money to Hanover, New Hampshire, so as to make a combined school system that would be better all 'round. They gave up their own middle and high schools, and now the Norwich children go to Marion Cross up through grade six, and then over to Hanover. Believing that government ought to make sense, the citizens of Norwich reportedly suffered no pangs of provincialism when voting their funds to their neighbor state. They did hold on to the money the feds gave them for recreation, however, and perversely plunked down four gleaming green tennis courts in the middle of an empty town field—this health-farm of an area needing four more tennis courts the way our land needs four more pines.

Our land lies three miles north of town, and fans out like an oversized baseball diamond from the house (home plate), a center-chimney colonial with white, even clapboards, black-green shutters, and a three-bay garage built for carriages. I hauled my family up here in August for a rusticated year in which to write a book, approach some peace of mind—if such things are compatible—and also to observe Norwich, so as to be able to offer, in this year of electioneering, scrimping, and freezing, a partial impression of a town that is not Washington, New York, or Houston, nor Cambridge, Ann Arbor, or Iowa City, either, nor even Chevy Chase or Evanston, but rather a straightforward little place where people mourn dead horses for a reasonable length of time. I am too new here to know if my neighbors are planning to vote for Connally or Kennedy or Bush, and don't much care. There is no reason the people of Norwich should find our crew of candidates more attractive than does the rest of the country, and my guess is that several chicken dinners are enjoyed back to back without the name Carter spilling out onto the table.

Yet this town is the country, too, or at least is a solid chunk of it. For over 200 years its way of life has survived all our depressions, all our epidemics, and all our wars, including those with England, memorialized

in the death roll on Church Street.

Our house, for example, has survived almost 200 years itself, having been built before the ratification of the Constitution, in 1785. Not that the house is known as ours, of course. Everyone calls it the Van Doren house, the Van Dorens having been its owners before the Sullivans, who sold it to us. A house in small-town New England is generally known by the name of those who owned it before those who owned it before you; so when the Sullivans had the place, it was probably called the Hatch house. On my library wall is a framed deed dated 1861 in which Rufus and Roana Hatch, in clear brown ink, give over the property to Rufus A. Hatch, presumably a son, under the conditions that the said Rufus A. maintain the said Rufus and Roana "in as good and comfortable manner as they have been accustomed to live," which came down to providing a suitable horse sleigh, "one good cow," and some cold cash, in regular payments.

Rufus's grandparents were among the town's first families, who came here from the arena around Mansfield, Connecticut after the end of the French and Indian War made it safe to settle in the North. Beside the Joseph Hatches were Smalleys, Watermans, Thatchers, Johnsons, Murdocks, Wrights, Huntingtons, and Partridges, whose grandson, Captain Alden Partridge, helped draw the northeastern boundary between the US and Canada under the Treaty of Ghent in 1819. The Partridge-Dickerson house, with its pulled-taffy staircase, still looks mighty classy on upper Main Street, as does the Partridge-Snell (1777). There are several Hatch houses around, including the Hatch-Peisch (1773) on Elm, the Hatch-Bower on Main (1821), and the Hatch-Lewis (1807) also on Main, behind its delicate picket fence that looks like the upper balcony of a wedding cake. Of the origins of our house very little is known, except its date, and the fact that for some time during the 19th century it served as a tavern.

You can see how it would have made a fine tavern from the size of the kitchen. The location was right, too, as the house sits both comfortably and substantially at the place where Town Farm Road and Goodrich Four Corners make a T. Long before there was a Union Village Road for a horse to wander on, Goodrich Four Corners was the main thoroughfare to town and points west. In my mind at night I see travelers in carriages, too tired to press on, rattling around and down the hill toward our house, ablaze with light.

The house probably looks no different today from the way it looked as a tavern, though it undoubtedly looks considerably different from the day the Hatch family—if in fact it was that family—stood back at last and said "There!" There were no closets then, for one thing; no bathrooms, of course, though there were "necessary chairs" and "necessary houses" (outhouses), to give an idea of what our forebears thought was necessary. There were no big windows, either—glass being expensive; and the bigger the window, the

greater the heat loss. Still, the entrance hall looked much the same as it does now, the standard of construction there being that the hall be just wide enough to turn a coffin around in. The floorboards looked the same as well: wide, thick, and painted gray the way floorboards used to be painted to protect the wood, before stain became the fashion. And the chimney is certainly as it was originally, the vast furnace-heart of the house, made with such spectacular care.

I gaze with pleasure and wonder at that chimney for long stretches of time, though I can never see the whole of it at once, not even where it stands unadorned in the cellar. Twelve by twelve at the base, it rises to become only slightly narrower on the first floor, where it turns elegant, and gives off three fireplaces (the fourth side a tiny room that might have been used for drying fruit). It is considerably smaller on the second floor, where it produces but a single fireplace in the main bedroom. By the time the chimney reaches the attic, it is less than half its starting width, yet massive still. The portion seen above the roof—that part often called the chimney—offers not a clue to the bulk below.

How they built such a tower is almost painful to imagine. The base is a fortress of flat stones, some weighing half a ton, some chiseled at the corners to keep angles in line, the pentagonal shape intact. The family made their own levers; pushed them under the slabs they found in the fields they cleared; rolled the slabs end-over-end onto carts, which they constructed themselves, and which their horses pulled in homemade harnesses to the building site the people had leveled. The brick they used for the upper floors was made of clay from the local quarry. Norwich brick hardens to burnt orange. They dug decorative niches over the fireplaces—something purely for show in an otherwise plain-wrapper life. They hollowed out a bread oven; made small, neat compartments for food and wood.

And the chimney stood largely alone. The frame of the house, with all its interdependent ridge poles, common rafters, joists, and summers, held itself up, did not lean heavily on the center, though it relied on it.

Here then was a world—cold to the bone, lit meekly by candles, the air soaked with oil and the smells of killed bear and deer; generations sleeping together in every room, children with parents; lumber and grain stored wherever free space could be found; small animals roving in the house; disease roving in the house. While Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke were trading quips overseas, the madmen of the 18th century were here, in Norwich, making a hand-hewn life in a place that could not care less if they all dropped on the spot and fertilized the trees. This obsession with freedom. This frantic display.

Down Town Farm Road to the left of us, the Sullivans have redone a barn into a spiffy house with great picture windows, a house smaller than the one they sold us; their children are grown. Theirs is the only

house we can see. Ours faces due south, but the view pulls southeast. Across the road, patches of pine rim a long undulating field mowed by Holsteins all summer. The cows are gone back to their farm now. The field, still green in late October, rolls out toward a river, which cannot be seen from here. Beyond are the New Hampshire hills, purple and brown in the afternoon light. If I walk up Goodrich Four Corners a few hundred feet and look east, I can see one very distant hill, blue against the hard lines of the clouds.

Whatever I see, Sullivan also saw, and Van Doren and Hatch and son. The past prevails in Norwich. It thrives in the views and the houses and the faces and in many of the names, and even in some of the trades, such as cabinetmaking. Very few farmers are left, as you'd expect. Within two miles of our house, on what was good farmland in 1830, live a pathologist, a gentle gunsmith, an artist's widow, a crackerjack repairman,

the Merchant of Norwich, and a man who keeps cats. Beyond the Sullivans, out of sight, an old man has his trailer beside the skeleton of his former house.

These people are the town. Most of them work hard, most are pleasant, most are interesting, fair-minded, self-sufficient. Most rely on town government to the degree that the frame of the house leans on its chimney, no more, no less; and the town government leans on the federal government to the same extent. We had a community supper last Saturday night, in the old one-room schoolhouse on Union Village Road, where the horse met the Plymouth. Sixty people showed up with food to share. Seven just to eat. Five did the dishes.

Roger Rosenblatt

Roger Rosenblatt, formerly literary editor of The New Republic, writes a weekly column for the Washington Post.

Sick of Carter, scared of Kennedy . . .

Why Not Mondale?

by Nick Kotz

Walter Mondale's day began in the warm autumnal sunshine of downtown Atlanta, where he sang "Lift Every Voice" with a black audience dedicating a memorial to Martin Luther King Jr. A few hours later he huddled in a New York hotel room with a group of prominent Jewish leaders. Then, changing quickly from gray business suit to white tie, he hobnobbed with assorted New York pols before delivering the principal address at the annual Alfred E. Smith Catholic charity dinner. Before 11 p.m. he had flown on to New Hampshire to discuss education policy with an assembly of teachers.

The vice president glided easily through each of these assignments: singing gospel enthusiastically in his flat midwestern voice, earnestly probing Jewish discontents over US policy toward Israel, displaying his sharp self-deprecatory wit in a finely-tuned after-dinner speech that was long on humor and mercifully short on political rhetoric.

On this crowded campaign journey through

Nick Kotz, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, has reported on Mondale since he came to the Senate in 1965.

traditional Democratic constituencies, Mondale was welcomed as a familiar old friend who had fought their battles and shared their triumphs. In Atlanta, Andy Young praised him "as a voice we learned to count on in the US Senate, always there, always honorable, fighting efforts to turn back the clock on civil rights." Cardinal Cooke in New York lauded his compassion for the poor. The politicians appreciated his support within the White House for aid to the cities. The teachers remembered his tenacious advocacy of increased federal aid to education.

Mondale's mission on this and dozens of similar trips is to rally support for the embattled Carter presidency, and there is no doubt that he is effective with blacks, Jews, Catholics, labor, urbanites, teachers, party regulars. They know and respect his own record on their issues, and so his voice carries credibility as he describes specific accomplishments of the Carter administration that place it deservedly in the mainstream of progressive liberalism.

The trips make clear, nevertheless, the real limitations of Mondale's political role. Presidents don't, after all, ride to victory on the coattails of their vice presidents. And there should be no confusing the

difference in political wattage between the quiet enthusiasm that Fritz Mondale engenders in these liberal groups and the frenzied excitement produced by the current bearer of the Kennedy legend. In Atlanta, for example, a local black politician praised Mondale as "a truly good man" but in the next breath predicted that four-fifths of the audience, himself included, will go for Ted Kennedy.

Yet there is another less obvious political reality about Walter Mondale that emerges from observing his public appearances and interviewing a variety of leaders in important Democratic constituencies. Mondale possesses a significant political standing in his own right. Part of it is based on his record: the Minnesota attorney general who pioneered on consumer rights issues; the US senator who concentrated on social problems ranging from civil rights legislation to the educational needs of disadvantaged children; the vice president who has somehow managed to become a rather effective and dignified occupant of that quixotic office.

But Mondale's appeal is based equally, perhaps more so, on his personal characteristics, both as a skillful politician and as an attractive, decent human being. Political insiders appreciate his knowledge of government and politics, and his purposeful, joyful pursuit of the game. Long-term political associates and new acquaintances alike are favorably impressed by his maintaining a relaxed, unpretentious manner in the heady atmosphere of power. He disarms and then wins people with his low-key style, marking him as a negotiator and a healer, who has neither the abrasive personality nor the intent to stir people to animosity. Those traits add up to a unique asset that intrigues his fellow politicians: few people dislike Fritz Mondale. As one politician said with some awe, "Mondale simply has no negative constituency."

Illustrative is the meeting in New York with 10 national and local leaders of the Anti-Defamation League of B'Nai Brith, a fairly high-powered, faintly neo-conservative group which is currently unhappy with the Carter administration's positions on Israel, national defense, economic policy, and affirmative action (a specific point of tension between the ADL and black civil rights groups). The coats-off meeting in a Waldorf Astoria hotel suite was of the kind that spokesmen, lacking more felicitous news, customarily describe as "a frank exchange." Yet many of those present left the room with strongly positive feelings toward Mondale.

"We see Mondale through bifocal glasses," explained ADL general counsel Arnold Forster, "as both an individual and as an authentic voice of the administration. As an individual we respect him for his intelligence, his integrity, his comprehension of the issues, his understanding and sensitivity to our point of view. On the other hand, we had many reservations about what he had to say."

After Mondale departed, several participants remarked that it was too bad such a good man was "going down with a sinking ship." "I'd like to see Mondale as a candidate in his own right," attorney Seymour Reich reflected later, expressing a view shared by several others at the meeting. "He'd amass a lot of support."

Mondale has not achieved that "bifocal image" through any deceptive posturing. On the contrary, he reinforces his own strongly perceived characteristics of personal integrity and loyalty by supporting the president privately as well as publicly. The vice presidency, with all its frustrations and limitations, has enhanced him. On the one hand, he has been granted the role of useful participant, thanks to his own skills of discreet personal diplomacy, as well as Carter's generous and self-confident appreciation that Mondale would serve him well. On the other hand, liberals generally do not hold Mondale responsible for Carter policies they dislike. They assume, given his past liberal record and his more sophisticated skills at institutional policies, that Mondale would do things somewhat differently, and better.

This good will, however, does not add up to any incipient ground swell for a Mondale presidential candidacy. The offhand comment of many Democrats that Mondale would make a good president, or that he would provide an attractive way out of the Carter-Kennedy struggle are readily acknowledged as idle political daydreaming, even by ardent Mondale admirers. Mondale himself says that any discussion of his becoming a presidential candidate in 1980 is akin to the statement that "if my grandmother had wheels, she would be a bus." He is committed to Carter, genuinely believes that the administration has made a progressive record in most difficult economic times, and thinks the Carter-Mondale ticket can beat Kennedy and get reelected.

Nonetheless, in today's volatile national politics, the Mondale option comes up in many rambling Democratic parlor discussions. The most common scenario requires a moderate sense of 1968 déjà vu: an unpopular southern president (substitute Carter for Johnson) drops out, and a vice president from Minnesota (substitute Mondale for Humphrey) enters the fray to challenge a Kennedy (substitute Ted for Bob) and a mystical Catholic intellectual (substitute Brown for McCarthy).

Mondale's closest political supporters, however, recognize crucial differences between the circumstances of 1968 and today. Most believe that Carter will fight for the nomination, at least through the March primaries. Even if the president pulled out at that point, the situation would be quite different from when Lyndon Johnson withdrew on March 30, 1968. Various changes in campaign laws and procedures would preclude a late-entry candidate from most state primary ballots and also from raising large sums of money quickly. Furthermore, if Carter withdrew, it

would most likely be because Kennedy had defeated him decisively and was on the way to the nomination.

The slim possibility of a Mondale candidacy at that point would be premised on an effort by Carter to throw his support to his vice president. But that scenario would be fraught with difficulties: voters would have to mark Carter's name on primary ballots with the intention of electing delegates for Mondale. Transferring Carter's campaign organization and funds would have serious legal and practical problems. Moreover, establishing his own independent candidacy would be difficult for Mondale after having run with Carter.

Mondale's emergence as a compromise candidate at a deadlocked convention after Carter and Kennedy have badly damaged each other is also considered highly unlikely. Today's delegate selection process virtually assures that one of the active candidates will find a way to go over the top. And if there is to be damage from mudslinging, Mondale is likely to be a prime target as he plays the point man role against Kennedy.

There is at least one other unlikely scenario. In this one, Carter, concerned about a worsening economic situation, withdraws late this year or quite early in 1980, giving Mondale more time to get into the race. In that case, would Mondale run? Fritz Mondale prudently refuses to engage in such conjecture. But just as surely as politics courses through his veins, he would at that point seriously examine the possibility of fitting his proverbial grandmother with a set of fast wheels.

A Mondale option would intrigue any number of politicians, particularly those from his home base in the Midwest. "Mondale is presidential timber," says Ed Campbell, the Democratic state chairman in Iowa.

If for some reason Carter decided not to run, I'd be very comfortable with Mondale. Fritz has credibility. He doesn't have to give people a slip of paper with his credentials. He touches all the bases—labor, farmers, small business. You never hear anyone bum rap him, either politicians or the man on the street. He's a party man, always willing to come in here and help, including times when no one else would. But the bottom line is that he is a true liberal, always out in front on people-oriented programs.

Another enthusiast within the Mondale political base is Ray Majerus, an influential midwestern director of the United Auto Workers. Majerus acknowledges that most of his fellow UAW board members, reflecting rank-and-file union sentiment, will endorse Kennedy. However, he points out, if a Mondale option somehow developed, "there is not one member of our board who would not say that he is qualified, he is capable, and that they could support him." If Carter gets in trouble in the earliest primaries, Majerus sees "a strong move around the country to support Mondale by people who have anxieties about Kennedy."

Whatever fate holds for him in 1980, Mondale possesses attributes for the presidency which are taken quite seriously by a variety of people involved in

Exxon Sunnyside Up

Exxon's profits have risen by 120 percent in the last quarter to a high of \$1.15 billion—News Item

One must surely exxonerate Exxon
For showing so splendid a rise;
It proves that one can't put a hexx on
American free enterprise.

Though the summer was rather a bummer
For the helplessly gasless civilian,
Exxon marched to a different drummer
For a profit exxceeding a billion.

This winter, come hell or high water,
It's "eating or heating," one hears—
Plus an even more lucrative quarter
For Exxon and all of its peers.

And while Carter may earnestly hustle
To curb the wild windfall by taxx,
Exxon, flexxing its corporate muscle,
Will make certain that taxx gets the axx.

Felicia Lamport

*Felicia Lamport's book, *Light Flashes*, will be published next November by Everest House.*

Democratic politics. In relative political terms, he is seen by some as possessing Carter's and Kennedy's virtues, without their vices. Mondale is viewed as equal to Carter in personal decency and values, while holding a coherent philosophy of governmental purpose and skills at institutional politics, both of which Carter lacks. In a similar vein, Mondale shares Kennedy's idealistic liberalism without being burdened by the negative reaction to past personal problems or by the outrageously outsized public expectations of what Kennedy's leadership can produce.

It is on the often nebulous issues of "leadership" that the Democratic presidential contest is being pitched, and the Kennedy camp is quietly putting out the word that Mondale as well as Carter lacks those strong qualities which the country craves. Detractors in the past have described Mondale as "overly cautious . . . inoffensive . . . a shrinker from controversy . . . a safe candidate, appointed to all his major offices because he was pleasant and noncontroversial . . . a bland politician, without the necessary appetite to strive for the highest office.

The qualities in question are interpreted very differently by his admirers. As a matter of historical accuracy, Mondale was first appointed attorney general and US senator in Minnesota and chosen as a vice presidential candidate not only because of his political

appeal but also because of his strong personal competence. He is conservative in his political style. It is argued that those qualities in the Senate made him effective, rather than a more spectacular "showboat" liberal. Two cases in point were the fair housing act of 1968, and the modification of Senate Rule 22 in 1975, making it easier to break a filibuster. Mondale led the fight for both of those important measures, ignoring advice to give up the causes as hopeless. In both cases he worked quietly and cautiously to win the support of the Senate leadership, and then was willing and able to work out successful compromises. He won pragmatic half-a-loaf victories on these significant issues, where other more colorful liberals had for years failed to achieve any change.

Mondale takes pride that his style both in the Senate and vice presidency is "to husband influence," picking his battles carefully, with a sense of priorities. His priorities in the Senate encompassed a broad range of issues involving social justice, even after such issues went out of fashion in the 1970s. From his seat on the powerful Senate Finance Committee, for example, Mondale devoted special consideration not to the problems of business—an overcrowded area that enriches the campaign coffers of conservative and liberal senators alike—but to neglected issues of child welfare, day care standards, and funding for social services. Quietly and modestly, he took on committee chairman Russell Long, occasionally defeating him on the Senate floor. At times, Mondale was whipped on these issues, but he didn't fulminate. He went on to his next project. He spent more than a year holding hearings to seek remedies for the educational problems of poor children, a subject with little political sex appeal but one of which Mondale still speaks with passion.

His influence as vice president (which should not be overrated even if he is the most effective vice president in history) again is a by-product in part of that conservative, cautious style. He has husbanded influence and won respect in the White House by tightly controlling his own ego, seeking neither credit for his deeds nor distance from policies with which he disagrees. As a result, Mondale has won some important fights on issues about which he cares, including a strong position on affirmative action and increased funding for a variety of education and urban programs.

On the economic front he has played an important role in gaining the cooperation of organized labor in endorsing anti-inflationary policies. The recent national accord between the administration and the AFL-CIO on wage and price restraints and a variety of other issues was worked out under Mondale's quiet tutelage. "Mondale kept it going and he kept our faith in it," said an AFL-CIO participant. "When we raised issues, he saw that they got addressed. He was a strong hand in that process." In the same vein, Lane Kirkland, George Meany's successor as AFL-CIO president,

expresses admiration for Mondale's intellectual capability and honesty, and his ability to bring people together.

Mondale's negotiating skills—making government work—are enhanced by his warm personal relations with hundreds of people involved in the process. In conversations with half a dozen labor leaders, for example, I was flooded with examples of Mondale's touches of friendship: the congratulatory telephone call about a marriage, or dropping by for coffee just to shoot the breeze; the affair at the vice presidential mansion in which Mondale entertained with such informality and affection that people felt "it was just like a family dinner, with Fritz busy visiting with friends rather than working the crowd." In a broad sense all these traits represent "the Mondale treatment," effective as it is low-key, by a man who truly enjoys the art of politics.

The aforementioned skills are invaluable to an effective presidency, but skeptics still question Mondale's ability to exhort and lead the masses. He is certainly not a great orator, but he is a better speaker than Carter, and he knows how to raise the faithful at a campaign rally. When he is truly moved, as in his funeral oration for Hubert Humphrey, Mondale can be stirring.

But Mondale wins support basically by appeal to reason and good will. He is not a dynamic stump-thumper but he picks up what people are saying and relates successfully to their problems without a lot of rhetoric. And his ability to establish empathy politically transcends class and geographic lines. "There is no anti-Mondale feeling," says Senator Ernest F. Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina, describing his ability to work with South Carolina businessmen. "There is a pleasant feeling about him. People like him, if not with the intensity of a Hubert Humphrey, a more colorful figure who drew intense positive and negative reactions." A Mondale presidency might command affection and respect and minimize divisive polarization.

Some practitioners of political hardball, while admiring Mondale, still question whether he has enough political toughness and desire to seek the presidency. They recall that he dropped out of the 1976 race early, saying he didn't have the stomach to spend the next year sleeping in Holiday Inns. Yet Mondale's distaste at that time for the crudeness of campaign money-grubbing, his concern about spending more time in Washington with his family, his lack of an insufferable political ego, are traits that many would find attractive in a president. After three years as vice president, he seems, if anything, more relaxed and stoic about his political future.

There are some Democrats who feel that Mondale, like Kennedy, is too much of a doctrinaire New Deal liberal for increasingly conservative times. In seeking new solutions to match the problems and the political mood of the country, Mondale has been sobered by his experiences in the executive branch. He sees clearly the limitations of big government. He advocates private job

programs today where a few years ago he would have called for government as a major employer of the last resort. He supports federal development grants to cities as a lever to generate private investment, whereas before he would have favored government programs to do the whole job. He is more suspicious of bureaucracy and concerned about the crush of red tape on citizens. He is far more cognizant of the threat of Soviet military strength, and has a more balanced view than he once did about the need to pursue both military preparedness and new peace initiatives. He is aware that the combined problems of inflation and energy create severe economic obstacles to further progress in social welfare.

But Mondale is still the minister's son with a passion to serve the disadvantaged, and he is still a product of the Hubert Humphrey school of liberalism that flourished in Minnesota.

In two interviews for preparation of this article, Mondale returned repeatedly to social issues. Recognition of the political and programmatic difficulties, he said, "hasn't one whit diminished my commitment to poor people."

"It hurts me," he said, "that the movements begun in the 1960s are gone. I hope we can seize the initiative again." Mondale's stress on dealing with inflation as the nation's number one domestic priority is cited by his political associates as a sign of his tempered liberalism. But Mondale's context in discussing the inflation and energy issues is to say "we have got to get those

problems under control before we can get the public to deal seriously again with the issues of social justice and a better society."

Like most liberals today Mondale does not offer magic answers to solving the problems of poverty. However, he has not turned cynical about the efficacy of massive government aid. "Even though there are no national models that guarantee success," he said, "we must do for poor children what we do for our own. We know that they cannot learn without food, without teaching materials and good teachers, without dealing with physical and emotional problems." He never tires of quoting Erik Erikson that "the deadliest of all possible sins is the mutilation of a child's spirit," and therefore says America's great challenge is to give every child a chance to learn how to achieve.

As Air Force Two sped from Atlanta toward New York, Mondale relaxed in his compartment in shirt-sleeves and blue jogging shoes, puffed contentedly on a cigar, and reflected on his 12 years in the Senate and almost three in the vice presidency. He almost exulted about what a great learning experience it had all been, seeing government first from a congressional, and then from an executive branch perspective, having the opportunity to make an impact on public policy, traveling to countries throughout the world. A visitor suggested that he was presenting excellent qualifications either for the presidency or for a political science professorship. To which Mondale added with a smile, "Or to be a damn good vice president."

The Tom and Jane Show.

Radical Soap Opera

by Richard Parker

Tom Hayden, who if you read newspapers is the American left, has—as they say in Hollywood—an "image problem." At 38, he is married to America's best-known and probably most talented actress. He dresses in well-tailored three-piece suits, attends his share of exclusive dinner parties, and is thinking seriously of running for the United States Senate in 1982. Ten years ago, at 28, he was being billed by the likes of *Esquire* and the *New York Review of Books* as "chief

spokesman for revolution in America."

There is a line that circled throughout the left prior to Tom's and Jane's recent whistle-stop tour of 33 American cities. Attributed to Gore Vidal, it summarized Hayden's image problem: "Tom Hayden," it goes, "is starting to give opportunism a bad name."

To the right, of course, Hayden's behavior is predictably duplicitous, part of the left's omniscient scheming for power in America. William Loeb, the *Manchester Union-Leader's* publisher, still thinks Hayden should be "shot." And in early summer, the California Senate, by an overwhelming margin, rejected Jerry Brown's nomination of Jane Fonda to the state's

Richard Parker writes regularly on politics and the economy for *Mother Jones*. His most recent book is *The Myth of the Middle Class* (Harper & Row).

innocuous Arts Council. To Fonda, the reaction she and Tom provoke is confounding. She told a recent gathering: "It never ceases to amaze me, the controversial part. People view us as threats. Our enemies hate us for the wrong reasons and our admirers like us for some things we are not. . . ."

Thomas Emmet Hayden, middle-class son of a Chrysler accountant and small-town librarian, must find all this attention satisfying. He joined the American left in the late 1950s, an earlier nadir, as an incongruous novice. A founder of SDS, the former tennis scholarship student and editor of the *Michigan Daily* has traveled further than one might have expected. Of his Chicago Eight confreres, he alone has made the transition through the 1970s in a public way, avoiding the spiritual nonsense of 14-year-old perfect gurus as well as the political futility of the Yipster underground.

But among liberals and leftists alike, his very existence still excites anger and disdain. Abbie Hoffman referred to him recently as "our Richard Nixon." As early as 1971, Murray Kempton found in him "a grand gallery of the warts of all his radical ancestors, showing the worst features of each with none of what redeemed them. . . ." Peter Collier, a former *Ramparts* editor, rose earlier this year to denounce him as "a protean character . . . with all the charisma of an iguana." Hardly the roster of kudos one might expect for someone who still talks of "the radicalism of the 1960s as the common sense of the 1970s," and preaches the power of "economic democracy" in the face of corporate autarchy.

But the romance of Tom Hayden is also a roman à clef of the American new left, and its parlous and peculiar history. Some months ago, I sat between Hayden and Michael Harrington in a Nashville bar while a group of us discussed the upcoming election. Harrington was for Kennedy, Hayden for Brown, and as the discussion wore on, Harrington carried the group. He carried it on the force of argument, but also on the force of personality, using a charm and openness that won his listeners. Hayden lacks those virtues, and always has. As the conversation wore on, he fell into a bitter offhandedness that Kempton years ago attributed to "some obscure hurt, inflicted back somewhere on the road when none of us was looking. . . ." None of the listeners knew the hurt, either, but in-

stinctively withdrew from Tom's irony and bitterness.

Tom Hayden moved through the 1960s and has become one of its symbols. In his book *The Trial*, which covers his tumultuous appearance at the Chicago Convention and its judicial aftermath, he wrote, "I have always been more of an independent catalyst than an equal member of any collective or group." It was an observation true of many new leftists, though few of them, pledged as they were to the naive communitarianism of the 1960s, could admit it. But Hayden, one suspects, made that admission unaware that it defines precisely what his peers have never trusted in him.

It's hard to count the friends Tom carried out of the 1960s. Of the half-dozen ex-SDS officers I know who worked closely with Tom, none speaks of him warmly. Of the Chicago Eight, none of the other seven is on record as being close to Tom, even during the trial. More recently, Tom's co-workers and allies from the Indochina Peace Campaign, the Campaign for Economic Democracy, and his 1976 California Senate race have grown more and more disaffected. His former Senate campaign manager, who lives next door to Tom and Jane in the Los Angeles suburb of Santa Monica, can barely exchange civil greetings with his neighbor. The chief theorist of his campaign strategies keeps a guarded distance. Two of his top aides have slipped away in the last year, and others talk of doing so, complaining mutedly about "access" and the lack of group decision making.

The Campaign for Economic Democracy, Tom's and Jane's chief organization, epitomizes Tom's notion of himself as "independent catalyst." Announced at the beginning of Hayden's and Fonda's recent national tour as "the seed of new political culture in California and perhaps the nation" by the *Village Voice*, it is substantially less. Its active membership numbers, after several years, less than a thousand in a state of 22 million. In San Francisco, the state's most active political area, it is invisible. In Los Angeles it owes its existence to Jane's media presence, not skilled work at the grassroots level.

But media presence—in Jane Fonda—is precisely Tom's chief political organizing tool. By marrying America's most skilled actress, Tom Hayden has assured himself—for the time being, at least—of an historical presence in a period in which the left otherwise has been presumed dead.

In the East, politicians try to affect the press, win the allegiance of the *Times* or the *Post*. But in California television is supreme, since it reaches the voters, the people who *count*, with a directness print lacks. Hayden seems to have grasped that essential fact; so too has Jerry Brown, television's perfect politician—hence Hayden's peculiar, odd-couple relation to Brown.

In Brown and California Tom has discovered the perfect expression of his alienated personality. Television adores the "independent catalyst" because it is incapable of presenting more complex ideas or relations. In a medium accustomed to "Mork and

Politics 1980

Executive Editor Morton Kondracke will be *The New Republic's* chief observer of and commentator on the 1980 presidential campaign. John Osborne, of course, will be covering Jimmy Carter, and there will be contributions by Ken Bode and others.

Mindy" and "Laverne and Shirley," Tom and Jane are naturals. Why bother with the hard work of organization-building when you can reach millions on the six o'clock news?

But becoming the media's notion of the left is also what has isolated Tom even further from the untelevised left. Rather than simply collapsing with the end of the Vietnam War, large numbers of the best of the American left took up positions in small, unnoticed groups, choosing anonymity and the difficult work of day-to-day politics. Their accomplishments hardly presage imminent revolution, but they also speak of a more complex reality on the left than that presented by CBS or ABC.

Hayden's commitment to a televised base and his contempt or ignorance of his unnoticed allies are what cause his "image problem." In effect he has exchanged human allies for an inhuman media presence that addresses allies, enemies, and neutrals alike.

But that is in fact what the politics of the late 1970s has become. Not Tom Hayden alone, but Carter, Kennedy, Reagan, and Connally all have become media figures with no human base. Opinions are quickly formed and shortly held; events are meant to move swiftly across the screen, creating the rapid eye motion that is the key to effective drama on television. Politics, like other social forms, is adapting to this discovery, becoming less and less substantive.

And that is why Hayden survives, why he is the personification of the American left. Unlike his 1960s brethren, he has adapted himself to the new superficiality, glossing the substance of his politics with the new media demand for presence and image and simplicity of thought. Faced recently at a CED convention with the question of endorsing demands for a constitutional amendment to balance the federal budget (a notion endorsed by his ally, Jerry Brown), Hayden—in an already classic ploy of the new media politics—called for a "balanced budget with full employment," a reality as improbable as his call a decade ago for the creation of "liberated zones" from which to carry on the revolution.

Still, though he undeniably has media presence for the moment, Hayden's future is sharply constrained. In a misjudgment, he has backed Jerry Brown, whose dissolving presidential fantasies leave open the question whether both men might seek the Senate in 1982, a contest Brown would win easily. At the same time, Hayden's feint left—in his recent 33-city tour and big backing of anti-nuclear demonstrations around the country—has produced a lukewarm love affair at best. In midsummer, organizers of a major anti-nuclear rally at Diablo Canyon in California prohibited him from addressing the audience; in October, he barely held onto his seat as board member of MUSE, the anti-nuclear musicians' group that has raised nearly a million dollars to lobby against the atomic power industry.

Isolation has brought Tom Hayden a great way;

indeed, as one press report has it, "his old enemies must envy his happy landing. He didn't get blown to bits, exiled in Albania, imprisoned, crippled, or deranged. He didn't even join a cult. Instead he married a fine actress who made several million dollars last year, and lives with her and her two children in a nice house by the sea in sunny Southern California." Surely this is the stuff of happy landings. But just as surely, in the facile way of personality journalism, it reduces the criticism of Hayden to a species of envy, which it is not.

Perhaps the most telling charge against Hayden was made by one of his oldest acquaintances recently, after watching Tom and Jane on NBC's "Meet The Press." Tom announced that he was in favor of free-enterprise capitalism and the unconditional survival of Israel, that he had never been a Marxist or even a revolutionary, and that he had opposed the use of violence in the 1960s—a great surprise on all counts to those who knew him. "The trouble with Tom's politics," the listener observed quietly, "is that they cohere in Tom, not in politics."

To be on the left, or for that matter, to avow any politics (beyond mere reelection), requires an openness to history, and to the possibility of error—past and future. And to build political institutions, not the politics of personality, exacts the need to discuss openly mistakes as well as successes. Tom Hayden will not do that. "Tom," remarked a veteran of his 1976 Senate race and a longtime activist, "just won't admit he's wrong. And yet he's been wrong dozens of times—on violence, or 'liberated zones' in the US, or more recently in the fight for rent control in Santa Monica, which he opposed until it won, and for which he now takes credit. Tactically, Tom can be brilliant, but strategy isn't just the arithmetic sum of tactics."

Hayden's mastery of tactics is unquestionable; his survival testifies to that. Twenty years after joining the left, he is still active, still visible, still seen—through the ground glass of television's eye—as The Left. Survival has bestowed on him, in the late 1970s, a new stature, and a new sense of historical mission. Last year he talked privately of running for president, the ultimate measure of a politician's tactical success. The platform was vague, the organization lacking—only media coverage could be assured for such a bold act. But clearly it was an idea that Tom had pondered, and may someday seek to realize, the consummate act of this politician of pure will.

Tom Hayden endures today. He endures with the same ferocious tenacity that was the hallmark for years of his greatest nemesis, and that other politician of pure Nietzschean will, Richard Nixon. Like Nixon, and thanks to Jane, Hayden isn't about to drop from the landscape of American politics. And like Nixon, too, he stalks the corridors of history as the totally public man, with some "obscure hurt" that denies us a glimpse of his private self, leaving us unsure of his real desires or dreams.

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Focus on Editors

"The foundation of film art is editing." That's the first line of Vsevolod Pudovkin's introduction to his *Film Technique*. But he wasn't thinking of editing as it's generally practiced today: to him editing was an inseparable part of the director's function. He said further: "... the material of the film director consists not of real processes happening in real space and real time, but of those pieces of celluloid on which these processes have been recorded." The key word is "director"; editing was seen as, not merely his prerogative but his reason for being. Today editing is the director's possible privilege: to have "final cut," or any cut at all. To Pudovkin and his contemporaries, the question did not exist.

When did the completely separate profession of film editing emerge, as distinct from editing assistant to a director? I can't find any clear historical account of it. (Doctoral students of film! A gap to be filled?) But take, as an instance, the filmography of D. W. Griffith. The first time a film editor is credited is on his last film, *The Struggle* (1931); we can assume that previously Griffith had done all the editing himself.

It's easy to infer that, as production was stepped up in every filmmaking country, as more and more directors had to be employed who wanted to be, or who were allowed to be, only craftsmen on assembly lines, those assembly lines had also to include editors. At some point in the history of the Broadway musical, there was a cognate development. The composer stopped being a composer and became a tune writer; someone else, called the orchestrator, came in to finish the job, to convert the tunes into the music that was played in the theater. That two-man composing-team idea would have been inconceivable to a well-trained musician like (to leave Olympians out of it) Victor Herbert. The two-man directing-edit-

ing team would have been inconceivable to early filmmakers. Perhaps a cultural-historical relation exists between the rise of the professional film editor and the professional orchestrator.

None of this is to argue against the importance of the film editor. Quite the contrary. As the director became more constricted or less competent or even less interested, the editor's importance grew.

Now, inevitably, comes the first book on a film editor's life and work (not the first book on the subject of film editing as such). *When the Shooting Stops* (Viking; \$12.95) is about the prominent editor Ralph Rosenblum, who wrote it with Robert Karen. You don't have to go past the first paragraph to see that it's not well written, but many of the anecdotes and experiences in the book are enlightening. The sheerly autobiographical sections (more about childhood love of movies) ought to have been condensed, and the potted history of editing—as an idea and art—repeats a lot of other sources. (And he doesn't give George Méliès as much credit as some film historians do.) Some of the films he discusses at length are not really memorable: *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, *A Thousand Clowns*. The highest reaches in his career are *The Pawnbroker* and the later Woody Allen films. (However, he did work as an assistant on Flaherty's *Louisiana Story*.) This fact makes editing seem a profession that can be practiced well despite the quality of the material. To the extent that this is true—and to that extent it's also true of the orchestrator—the book is a bit depressing. But on the whole Rosenblum is a good publicist for a generally ignored art.

One personal point—not niggling, I hope. He notes wryly (misspelling my name) that, in my review of *Goodbye, Columbus* (TNR, April 12, 1969), I failed to include him among those responsible for

the poor taste in the wedding scene. "He mislabeled the villains, a typical problem in film criticism." True enough: attribution is a continuing, insoluble problem in film and theater criticism. But he omits to mention that, later in that very review, I gave a barebones sketch of the Eisenstein and Pudovkin approaches to editing and described how heavily this director had used them with Rosenblum's "rather tense assistance." So he can't complain that I wholly failed to reprove him.

Two other matters. Rosenblum's charge that the public doesn't appreciate the editor's contribution is also true of other film contributors. Comparable books for the general reader on those other professions could be useful. Sound-mixing, for instance. I once did a TV program with a leader in that field, Dick Vorisek, in which he showed a sequence of *America, America* as he had received it from the director Elia Kazan with "live" sound, recorded on location; then showed how he had enlivened this dull sequence—which took place on a mountain—by feeding voices through an echo chamber, fading in bird song, and so on. This was a simple job. The sound-mixer's work sometimes involves the blending of a dozen or 16 tracks; but simple or complex, he often—and often without the director, I'm told—aids mightily in the final work, in more than technical ways.

Second, if, after you've read Rosenblum, you want to find out more on the fascinating subject of film editing, read *The Technique of Film Editing* by Karel Reisz

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. No dram of the moral drama it pretends to, but an eerily gorgeous rendering of the Vietnam horror-fantasy.

Breaking Away. Breezy dialogue and acting turn this sitcom about adolescent fantasies and barriers into touching comedy.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. And death. Yet funny, wickedly and continuously. The making of a messiah, a contemporary of Jesus, against his will.

Nosferatu. Werner Herzog's version of the 1923 film has richness in it, but nothing richer than Klaus Kinski's performance—the first performance—of Dracula.

SK

(the director) and Gavin Millar (Hastings House). It can be understood by any interested layman. An excellent book that integrates technique with aesthetic purpose.

Two new films can be seen in relation to their editing. *Promises in the Dark* was presumably suggested by the Karen Quinlan case. A teenage girl is reduced by disease to a comatose vegetable kept alive by a respirator; a doctor, who has made a pact with the girl to terminate her life if this should happen, finally switches off the machine. The doctor is well played by Marsha Mason who has humane and sexy dignity. The girl is Kathleen Beller who becomes very much more affecting than I expected her to be as the child who learns more about pain and fear than the adults around her. Beller can act.

I don't know what the film is about. Is it pro-euthanasia? I'm not flatly against it myself, but can the issue be dramatized in terms of a private pact between a doctor and a teenage child? Suppose the pact had not been made: what would the doctor's views have been? And what about the results of the final action? The picture simply disregards them. How could the doctor not lose her profession, let alone her post? How could she avoid criminal charges? What about her blunt disregard of the parents' wishes? All of this was presumably unimportant compared with that last high-chinned close-up of Mason toward which this film trudges.

The director is Jerome Hellman who heretofore has been a producer (*Midnight Cowboy*, *Day of the Locust*, *Coming Home*). The passable quality of the direction proves again that if you can afford a good staff, you too can direct a film adequately if you've been around filmmaking a while. (Marlon Brando and Paul Newman are previous examples. Joan Micklin Silver's alleged progress as a director, in *Head over Heels*, seems to me directly traceable to the improvement in her budget. She can now afford better collaborators, equipment, services, etc.) Hellman's editor is Bob Wyman, and he has filled this basically sentimental picture with more old-fashioned sentimental fades-to-black than any picture in years.

Then there is an atrocious film of I. B. Singer's *The Magician of Lublin* directed by Menahem Golan, who could be called the Israeli version of the worst aspects of Andrej Wajda—sententious artiness and sledgehammer pounding. The picture is doomed anyway by its casting,

especially the American-vernacular Alan Arkin as the mysterious East European magician, Yasha. But apparently there has been (justified) worry about this film, which devolved to a large extent on the editor, Dov Hoenig. His solution—possibly inspired by the editor's reputed salvage of *Tom Jones*—was to cut off the ends of scenes. Thus

he provides the very worst cut I can remember. Yasha and a girl arrive by wagon at her mother's home. She says to her mother: "Yasha's tired. He didn't get any" cut. By slicing off the word "sleep" and slamming directly into the next scene, Hoenig actually thought he was helping the picture. He didn't help it: but he built himself a monument.

The unnaturalness of Merce Cunningham.

The Politics of Perception

by Roger Copeland

You wonder what to look at. I wonder how to live. Same thing.

—Michelangelo Antonioni, *Red Desert*

In 1950, the filmmaker Hans Namuth persuaded a reluctant Jackson Pollock to execute one of his famous "action paintings" on a canvas of glass while the camera recorded Pollock's frenzied gyrations from underneath. Although neither of them realized it at the time, their collaboration had resulted in one of the world's most significant dance films. For it demonstrated (in a way the paintings alone rarely do) that the fundamental impulse behind abstract expressionism was the desire to transform painting into dancing.

Still, it's only after watching Namuth's film about Pollock that one can fully comprehend the truth of Harold Rosenberg's assertion that at the dawn of the abstract expressionist movement

the canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act—rather than as a space in which to reproduce, re-design, or 'express' an object, actual or imagined. What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event.

Abstract expressionism can be thought of as the culminating phase of modern art's love affair with the primitive. Ecstatic dancing is, of course, a central element in many of those rituals we think of as "primitive." And

Pollock's conception of painting as dancing evolves directly out of those works he executed in the 1940s, works that took their primary inspiration from images of primitive ritual and mythology. But now, rather than reproducing the iconography of primitive art, he attempted to work himself into a virtually "primitive" state of consciousness.

Pollock wanted to express himself (his innermost self) in the most spontaneous, unmediated manner possible. Violent physicality seemed the only way to circumvent the evasions and abstractness of language and thought. As Havelock Ellis wrote, "dancing . . . is no mere translation or abstraction from life, it is life itself."

Ecstatic dancing provides a provisional solution to the "problem" of steadily increasing self-consciousness as well as the fear of becoming too "civilized" for one's own good. Jacob Wasserman exaggerates only slightly when he writes in *The World's Illusion*, "To dance means to be new, to be fresh at every moment, as though one had just issued from the hand of God." (Nor should we ignore the purely "therapeutic" and cathartic possibilities of dance. Dancing is a relatively safe form of intoxication. The harrowing private lives of Pollock, Gorky, and Rothko illustrate that they were all too familiar with the less healthy varieties.) Ultimately, Pollock discovered the wisdom of Martha Graham's oft-quoted aphorism, "Movement does not lie."

Needless to say, no one watching Namuth's film has ever mistaken Pollock for a Graham dancer; but

Roger Copeland is professor of theater at Oberlin College, a contributing editor of *Dance Scope*, and a frequent contributor to the *New York Times*.

Graham's variety of modern dance has much in common with abstract expressionism: both were Jungian and emotionally overwrought. Compare the titles of the major works that Pollock and Graham created in the 1940s. Pollock painted "She Wolf," "Pasiphae," "Guardians of the Secret," and "The Totem, Lesson I." Graham danced works bearing equally incantatory titles: "Cave of the Heart," "Errand into the Maze," and "Night Journey." Nor were they alone in rejecting the rational niceties of modern civilization. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, Existentialism—with its emphasis on "risk"—was emerging as a fully-fledged philosophy of life.

This sort of extremity was bound, sooner or later, to give rise to its opposite. And in 1953, Robert Rauschenberg, a student of Joseph Albers, created his "Erased de Kooning," in which he literally erased a painting by the famed abstract expressionist. Rauschenberg's gesture was probably too playful to be considered a passionate declaration of war on abstract expressionism; but it was, at the very least, an ironic dismissal of all that existential angst and public display of matters more appropriately dealt with on the analyst's couch (Pollock often communicated with his Jungian analyst by painting).

One of Rauschenberg's earliest admirers was, surprisingly, a former Graham dancer with whom he became associated at Black Mountain College in 1953. The dancer's name was Merce Cunningham, and the most significant thing about his association with Graham was the fact that it had ended. The dances Cunningham was now choreographing were much more balletic than Graham's; they were fast, light, ironic in tone, and virtually devoid of "expressive" or symbolic elements.

Even more unusual was Cunningham's insistence on "freeing" choreography from a dependence on music. In Cunningham's work, movement and sound existed independently of one another; choreography and music were both performed in the same space and time, but without affecting (or even acknowledging) one another. And most eccentric of all was Cunningham's use of chance procedures to "dictate" his

choreographic sequences. Beginning in 1951 with his "16 Dances for Soloist And Company of Three," Cunningham decided to determine the arrangement of sequences by tossing coins, thereby invoking a wholly "impersonal" (and more objective) sense of order, rather than digging deeper and deeper into some subjective inner sanctum.

Thus Cunningham's repudiation of Graham and modern dance directly paralleled Rauschenberg's repudiation of abstract expressionism. And appropriately, Rauschenberg designed the majority of Cunningham's settings and costumes for the next 16 years (in 1966 Jasper Johns, another painter who was instrumental in forging a cooler, more impersonal aesthetic, became Cunningham's artistic director).

All the while Cunningham's chief musical collaborator was, of course, John Cage. Much has been written about Cunningham's career-long collaboration with Cage. But despite Cage's undeniable influence on him (especially concerning his use of chance), Cunningham's sensibility is actually much closer to Rauschenberg's and Johns's. Cage sees chance as a means of utterly negating the self and ultimately of overcoming the separation that the mind creates between itself and the world. But Cunningham's art, like Rauschenberg's, always insists on maintaining an ironic detachment from the world, especially from the "natural" world. Discussing the role of ecstasy in dance, Cunningham wrote in 1955: "What is meant is not license, but freedom, that is, a complete awareness of the world and at the same time a detachment from it."

Why did Cunningham, Rauschenberg, and Johns feel compelled to reject the ethos of personal commitment and involvement? Why this emphasis on detachment, playing it cool, this aversion to intoxication? Again, it's necessary to compare Cunningham and Rauschenberg with Pollock and Graham. Both abstract expressionism and modern dance proceeded from Freud's belief that below the "cultural" ego lies the "natural" id (or in Jung's version, "the collective unconscious"). In order to reestablish contact with the natural and uncorrupted regions of the self, one must suspend the rational. But as de Chirico was among the first to point out, even the subconscious is in danger of becoming fully "acculturated" amidst the sensory overload environments of 20th-century consumer society. It's no coincidence—I believe—

that Cunningham's aesthetic was forged in the mid-1950s when the new medium of television was rapidly becoming more American than apple pie. In an environment designed to stimulate wholly artificial desires—the "needs" of a consumer society—we have no way of knowing whether what feels natural isn't really the result of subliminal cultural conditioning. This is the intellectual climate in which all semiological studies have thrived in recent years; the semiologist proceeds on the assumption that "naturalness" is a bourgeois myth and that mass media have conditioned us to accept culturally-created needs as natural desires.

Especially in an age of abundance, there is a danger that we will confuse purchasing power with real freedom, while all the while our most fundamental perceptual habits have been conditioned by forces we neither recognize nor control, or so the argument goes. Amidst this climate of suspicion, artists like Cunningham and Rauschenberg have set out critically to examine that which "feels natural" rather than simply surrendering to it.

Modern dance is especially relevant here; for the pioneers of this form—from Isadora Duncan through Martha Graham—always considered themselves to be apostles of freedom. To them, being free meant liberating oneself from the stuffy conventions of Puritanical culture. Above all, being free meant moving expansively through space, moving in a manner that felt inner-directed, refusing to be confined or domesticated. But for Cunningham, Rauschenberg, and the extraordinary community of composers, painters, and dancers with whom they collaborated, true freedom has more to do with seeing (and hearing) clearly than with moving freely.

But can we really extract a "politics" of perception from Cunningham's work? I think so. Here's a quotation that tells us more about Cunningham than almost everything that's been written about him in the last 20 years:

So long as the expression 'Gesamtkunstwerk' (or 'integrated works of art') means that the integration is a muddle, so long as the arts are supposed to be 'fused' together, the various elements will all be equally degraded, and each will act as a mere 'feed' to the rest. The process of fusion extends to the spectator who gets thrown into the melting pot too and becomes a passive (suffering) part of the total work of art. Witchcraft of this sort must of course be fought against. Whatever is intended to produce

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hypnosis, is likely to induce sordid intoxication, or creates fog, has got to be given up. Words, music, and setting must become more independent of one another.

The writer is none other than Bertolt Brecht. Here he is rejecting Wagner's theory of the integrated art work; and for Brecht it was no coincidence that Wagner occupied such a privileged place in the cultural life of Nazi Germany. To Brecht, the Nuremberg Rallies were one great Wagnerian opera: the masses mesmerized, the Führer unified with his followers. Brecht's alternative is intentional disunity, a separation of the elements which ultimately serves to keep the audience at a respectable distance, to prevent them from passively absorbing (or being absorbed into) the spectacle around them.

No one—and that includes Brecht himself—has carried this principle of separation as far as Merce Cunningham. In Cunningham's work, every collaborative element maintains its autonomy. The choreography, the score, the settings are all created in isolation and often don't encounter one another until the very first performance. This is the aesthetics of peaceful coexistence: sound, movement, and setting all inhabit the same space without affecting one another.

Just as for Brecht the ultimate goal of this disunity is to preserve the spectator's perceptual freedom, so the setting, lighting, and even the score for a Cunningham work impede or otherwise interfere with our more "direct," uncomplicated perception of the choreography. For example, for "Tread" (1970), Bruce Nauman designed a row of standing fans lined up downstage directly between the audience and the dance, and in "Walkaround Time" (1968), Jasper Johns designed a series of movable plastic boxes that served a similar function.

Cunningham was the first choreographer to achieve (or even attempt to achieve) the aims of the Russian Formalist Victor Shklovsky (a major influence on Brecht), who wrote that art is the effort to "remove the automatism of perception, to increase the difficulty and length of perception." No one would hesitate to discuss the political implications of Shklovsky's statement (produced in 1917, in the wake of the October Revolution) or the political implications of Brecht's theory of opera; so why are we so wary of attributing similar motives to Cunningham? The problem is twofold: on the one hand,

we're so eager to credit Cunningham with having liberated dance from the burden of having to project various sorts of meaning (narrative, symbolism, personal expression, etc.) that we fail to consider the meaning of this liberation. And the second part of the problem derives from the fact that even our most accomplished dance critics continue to employ an essentially descriptive approach to dance writing which is blissfully ignorant of the intellectual traditions that converge in Cunningham's work.

Here, for example, is Marcia Siegel on Cunningham's performance at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1972:

Two of his three new works ('Landrover' and 'TV Rerun') . . . involved a minimum of pop-art gadgetry, and they looked so bare and complete that I really got involved in them. Bizarre decors and sonic environments lend theatricality and sometimes fun to Cunningham's dances, but his unadorned works are as starkly satisfying to me as a tree against a February hillside.

After this sigh of relief (which is shared by all those who prefer trees in February to the "pop-art gadgetry" of America's most progressive visual artists), Ms.

Siegel goes on to complain about the third work on the program: "'Borst Park,' the last of the new works, seems of lesser importance, containing less dancing and more tricks than I care for." In other words, the work of designers such as Rauschenberg and Johns has the unfortunate effect of obscuring the choreography for Ms. Siegel (what, after all, she's there to see).

Even Arlene Croce, by far the most perceptive and erudite of America's working dance critics, had this to say about a new work, "Exchange," which was unveiled during Cunningham's engagement in New York last fall:

I wish I had been able to watch it more closely, but my concentration broke about halfway through under the battering of David Tudor's score. . . . How can you watch a dance with V2 Rockets whistling overhead?

She concludes by criticizing the non-dance elements of Cunningham's work for often being so "interfering and dictatorial." As Brecht once put it, this is reproaching the linden tree for not being an oak.

To many people, there's something downright unnatural about this perverse desire to complicate or post-

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ON STALIN AND STALINISM

Roy A. Medvedev

Translated by Ellen de Kadt

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pone the more immediate sensory pleasure that dance can provide. After all, don't people dance (and watch dance) to reestablish contact with their bodies, to reassert the "natural" part of their being? And what troubles them about Cunningham is his critique of "the natural," his desire to root the natural out of his dancing.

I have no way of proving that Cunningham has been influenced directly by Shklovsky or Brecht, but Cunningham himself willingly acknowledges his debt to another great negator of the natural: Marcel Duchamp. In fact, the setting for his "Walkaround Time" was an outright homage to Duchamp—an assemblage of clear plastic rectangles imprinted with the iconography of Duchamp's masterpiece, "The Large Glass." In addition, the section of "Walkaround Time" in which Cunningham crouches down, stripping off one set of tights and pulling on another, was conceived as an allusion to Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." (And of course Duchamp is generally considered to be the primary influence on both Rauschenberg and Johns.)

Duchamp was the great grand-dada of what we now call "conceptual art," and it was Duchamp's readymades that first illustrated the truth of Shklovsky's and Brecht's contention that art is essentially a matter of dislocating perceptions. Put another way, the experience of art is not dependent upon physical labor, craft, inspiration, or self-expression; it may consist of nothing more than the act of estranging a familiar object from its natural context. (Duchamp's famous urinal ceases to be functional in its new museum context: it now exists only to be looked at.) The notion that art is not a matter of "making" but of "looking" is especially difficult to apply to dance—for most people still think of dancing as something one does, rather than something one looks at. Of all the arts, none remains as rooted in ritual as dance; and ritual, by definition, is a purely participational activity which is not designed to be looked at by detached spectators.

Duchamp once insisted that "the direction in which art should turn is to an intellectual expression, rather than to an animal expression." Now it's one thing to expunge natural or "animal" expression from the inanimate arts of painting and sculpture (that was Rauschenberg's and Johns's central achievement); it's infinitely more difficult to expunge it from the bodily art of dance, especially modern dance which

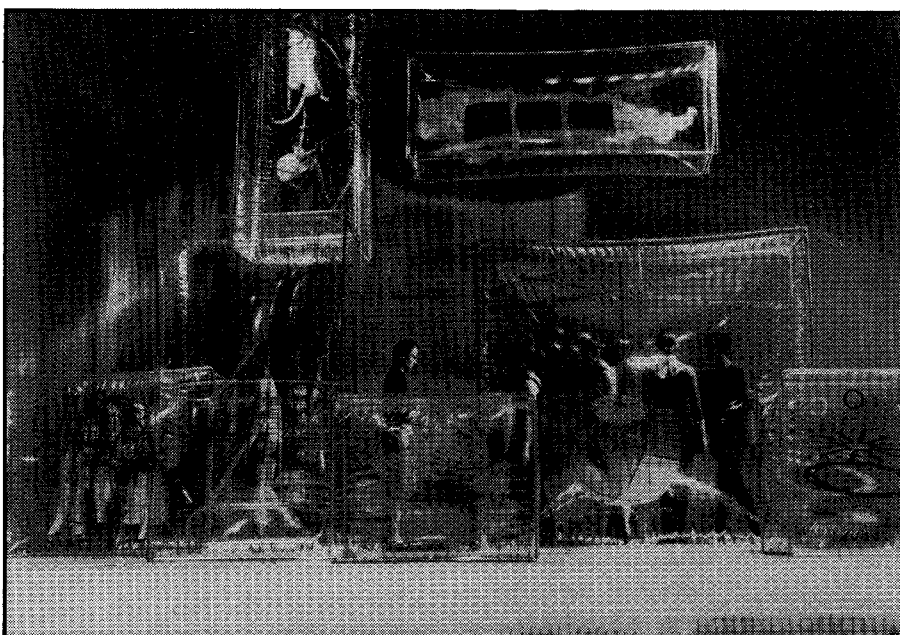


photo of "Walkaround Time" by James Klosty

sets out to remind us dried-up intellectuals that we possess bodies as well as minds. But this is precisely what Cunningham has accomplished.

His critique of the natural begins by severing the traditional link between music and choreography. Schopenhauer saw in music an objectification of those blind, instinctual forces that animate behavior. And for a pioneer of modern dance like Isadora Duncan, dance was conceived as the art of responding intuitively to musical inspiration:

'Listen to the music with your souls,' she told her students, 'Now while listening do you not feel an inner self-awakening deep within you—that it is by its strength that your head is lifted, that your arms are raised, that you are walking slowly toward the light?'

It is not the strength of musical inspiration that sets Cunningham's dancers in motion, but rather the strength of deliberation. Not only do Cunningham's dancers not perform to music; they must concentrate so as not to be affected by it. No doubt this is part of what the renowned Cunningham dancer, Carolyn Brown, meant when she said that Cunningham technique is "designed to develop flexibility in the mind as well as in the body."

An equally important aspect of Cunningham's critique of the natural is his much misunderstood use of chance procedures for dictating choreographic structure. Although the two are often confused, Cunningham's use of chance is diametrically opposed to the sort of improvisation that lies at the heart of abstract expressionism. Cunningham is not attempting to break through the resistances of the intellect so as to

unleash "natural" impulses buried within him. Quite the contrary: he uses utterly impersonal mechanism (coins, dice, the *I Ching*, etc.) so as to avoid what might otherwise "come naturally." This is why so many dancers complain that Cunningham's choreography is often excruciatingly difficult—if not impossible—to perform: it doesn't come naturally to the human body.

And here lies another major distinction between Cunningham and the early modern dancers—from Duncan through Graham—who repudiated what they perceived to be the unnatural (and orthopedically unhealthy) postures of ballet in favor of movements more in keeping with the natural inclinations of the body. Cunningham was the first modern dancer to cross the ideological picket lines in order to study ballet with George Balanchine. When everyone else in the Graham-dominated world of modern dance was carrying the weight of the universe on his or her shoulders and affirming the elemental forces of gravity (modern dance can be thought of as a love affair with the floor), Cunningham was perfecting his lightness and speed.

Cunningham often initiates movement with an abrupt and ferocious intensity, only to reverse directions just as suddenly. Duchamp once wrote, "I force myself to contradict myself to avoid conforming to my own taste." And Cunningham's style—with its remarkably rapid reversals of direction, its continual arresting of impulse, probably comes as close as anyone ever will to embodying the principle of self-contradiction in movement. "The trouble is," says Cunningham, echoing

Duchamp, "we all tend to fall back on our old habits. Dancing is very tiring; and when you're tired you just do the easy thing, the thing you know" (the thing that feels natural).

In Cunningham's work the stage space is clearly not intended to look natural. If anything, it resembles the cool, ultra-clean, impersonal environment of the modern museum. Like the art objects that inhabit the space along with them, Cunningham's dancers are discrete and self-contained, pure surfaces. If Pollock sought to transform painting into dancing, then Cunningham sought to transform the dancer into an art object.

Edwin Denby has described Cunningham's style as "extreme elegance in isolation." One senses in Cunningham more than a trace of the "air of coldness, that determination not to be moved" that Baudelaire once cited as a chief characteristic of the dandy. And his own dancing—even at its most frantic—always exudes a slight aura of aloofness, an almost prissy stiffness which resists any sort of "natural" Dionysian abandon. In fact, Cunningham savagely parodies Graham's Dionysian pretensions in the hilarious "Bacchus and Cohorts" section of "Antic Meet" (1958).

In "Crises" (1960) the dancers wore elastic bands around various parts of their bodies. By inserting a hand or arm through the stretch band around another dancer's wrist or waist, the performers could link themselves together temporarily without sacrificing their freedom of movement. Freedom is the key word here. As Carolyn Brown has noted, everyone on stage in a Cunningham piece is always a soloist.

Not only is everybody a "soloist" in Cunningham's choreography, every section of every body can become a soloist as well, for Cunningham often sets the head, arms, torso, and legs moving in opposition to one another. As early as 1953, Cunningham had choreographed a piece ("Untitled Solo") in which the movement for each of several subdivisions of the body was determined separately and by chance. Thus the atomized body became a microcosm of the company at large.

Cunningham may be a master of "isolation," but ironically he has also managed to mastermind some of the most glamorous collaborations among celebrated painters, composers, and dancers since the days of Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. In addition to Cage,

Rauschenberg, Johns, and Warhol, Cunningham has persuaded Robert Morris, Frank Stella, Christian Wolfe, La Monte Young, and Earle Brown to compose scores and design settings for his company. They are the Picassos, Cocteauss, Stravinskys, and Saties of our era. But the similarities between Cunningham and Diaghilev end there, for Diaghilev was animated by the Wagnerian dream of synthesizing the separate arts into a unified whole.

Cunningham's rejection of "wholeness" initiates the era of post-modern dance. Granted, there's a problem of terminology here. The term "post-modern" usually refers to the next generation of post-Cunningham dancers: Steve Paxton, Yvonne Rainer, Trisha Brown, Lucinda Childs, and a number of other choreographers who were associated with the experimental dance workshops at the Judson Memorial Church in the mid-1960s. But I'll risk abusing the term "post-modern" by applying it to Cunningham, because it seems to me that the Judson generation's break with Cunningham is much less drastic than Cunningham's break with Graham—in fact it's more like a organic evolution.

What I'm calling post-modernism effectively marks the end of that long-standing tradition in modern art and poetry which sought to transcend dualities—a Dionysian tradition that extends from Nerval and Nietzsche through D. H. Lawrence and Artaud. "Only connect!" wrote Forster in *Howard's End*. To which Cunningham might respond, "It's more important that we disconnect, at least as long as we live in a society whose perceptual habits have been conditioned by commercial television where the boundaries between the most diverse phenomena begin to break down and become blurred." Rather than lamenting fragmentation and Eliot's "dissociation of sensibility," Cunningham encourages us to savor the experience of "non-relatedness."

Throughout his career, Cunningham has made a practice of excerpting fragments from different works in his standard repertory and "splicing" them together in a form he calls "Events." For almost 10 years now, the vast majority of Cunningham's public performances have been devoted to these events, rather than to his titled, finished works. The events provide perhaps the ultimate example of Cunningham's determination to avoid completion and "wholeness."

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In the hopeful years immediately preceding World War I, three young writers formed a loose but vital artistic alliance. These "Men of 1914"—Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis—and their close friends James Joyce and Henri Gaudier-Brzeska would generate much of the intellectual energy of the twentieth century. They imagined their united flux of brilliant poetry, novels, paintings, and sculpture to take the form of a vortex—an explosive convergence of seminal beauty, order, and force.

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It is precisely this aspect of Cunningham's achievement that makes him so much a creature of the intellectual moment we are now living through. The most sophisticated French critical thought now finding its way into English (the work of Barthes, Deleuze, Derrida) is just beginning to catch up with the revolution Cunningham pioneered over 20 years ago. A recent work of literary criticism like Barthes's *S/Z*—with its emphasis on keeping the text open, on avoiding a unified, definitive reading—could just as easily be a description of Cunningham. "The goal of literary work (of literature as work) is to make the reader no longer a consumer, but a producer of the text," writes Barthes. This is an excellent description of what happens to us when we experience a piece by Cunningham. The onstage activity does not respect the traditional hierarchies of organization according to which the dancers located downstage center automatically

command our attention in a way that the dancers upstage left or right do not. Cunningham refuses to tell us what to look at or listen to. We may decide to "background" or "turn off" a sound so as to focus more intently on the movement. Or we may cultivate a skill John Cage calls "polyattentiveness"—the simultaneous apprehension of two or more unrelated phenomena. Above all, the relations we establish between diverse stimuli are flexible: we can alter our mode of perception radically several times in the course of a single performance.

Cunningham provides us with a do-it-yourself survival-kit for maintaining our sanity, or at least perceptual clarity (which may be the same thing), in the modern city where everything seems to clamor for attention. This is the moral dimension of Cunningham's work, for there's a profound connection between what we choose to look at and the way we live our lives.

This fascinating sense of self-division is much less evident in *Birds of America* and, now, *Cannibals and Missionaries*. Her interest has been shifting from personal history to public history, as her writings on Vietnam and Watergate suggest too. But such a change doesn't guarantee stronger novelistic performance, and while *Cannibals and Missionaries* is a considerable book, full of intelligent speculation about serious contemporary issues, it is not a terribly successful work of fiction.

The story is both simple and pertinent. An airliner flying from Paris to Tehran is hijacked by political terrorists, who eventually hole up with their hostages in a prepared stronghold in a remote part of Holland. The hostages consist of two rather antipathetic groups of (mostly) Americans—a gaggle of liberal human-rights advocates on their way to see what the shah is doing to his political enemies (the time is around 1975), and a clutch of wealthy art collectors going to tour Iranian archaeological sites. The terrorists, an oddly mixed bunch of Dutch, German, Palestinian, and Latin American types, evidently had planned to bag the liberals, perhaps on a tip from the shah's secret police; the millionaires are an unexpected bonus.

This is of course the stuff of thrillers, and McCarthy does provide suspense and a climax of slam-bang violence. And she has worked hard to achieve the accuracy of surface behind which the larger improbabilities of this fictional genre may decently conceal themselves; in a preface she thanks a number of people, from Hannah Arendt to James Angleton, for helping her learn about such things as land reclamation in Holland, Dutch politics, airplanes, Iran, the art market, and hijacking. But as a story of real-life terror, *Cannibals and Missionaries* is plagued by dubious details. In such a story it matters that, for example, an Air France 707 is represented as having two-by-two seating in tourist, or that a very prominent US senator is shown as embarking on a politically sensitive humanitarian mission without aides, security people, or press coverage. Less specifically, perhaps, one wonders about a president of a New England woman's college whose hatred of rich people is not just violent but unconcealed—how in the world does her school raise money?

More seriously, McCarthy doesn't make her terrorists and their motives seem very convincing. Their formal

Cannibals and Missionaries by Mary McCarthy

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$10.95)

In *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*, perhaps her finest book, Mary McCarthy describes her youthful hopes for a career in an interesting way. Her ambition was literary, she says, but she does not put it as a yearning to become any one of the things she so notably has become: a novelist, a travel writer, a critical journalist of drama, literature, and public events; she wanted to be "a professional writer." Most people would call her a novelist, I suppose, but fewer than half of her 17 published books are works of fiction, and her latest, *Cannibals and Missionaries*, encourages the suspicion that she is best considered not as a novelist but as a professional writer who writes a novel from time to time—since the early 1950s, in fact, at steady intervals of eight years.

The earlier fiction had an obviously close relation to her own experience in the 1930s and early 1940s, as a bright young woman come out of Vassar to make her way in the literary-intellectual life of New York, with its fringes in bohemia, academia, and high society.

And her provincial, Catholic background gave her useful ironic leverage upon an intellectual life governed by Freud, Marx, and literary modernism. *The Company She Keeps*, *The Oasis*, *The Groves of Academe*, *A Charmed Life*, and (later) *The Group* are skeptical responses to "advanced" attitudes and modes of living that are nonetheless recognized as attractive and necessary alternatives to what otherwise might have been. Had she not been orphaned in childhood, she equally suggests in *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*, her life probably would have taken a very different turn: "I can see myself married to an Irish lawyer and playing golf and bridge, making occasional retreats and subscribing to a Catholic Book Club. I suspect I would be rather stout." The earlier fiction, with its cool, malicious portrayal of recognizable individuals and types, suggests a writer determined not to be fooled and utterly possessed by a life that nevertheless represents a welcome escape from narrow, spiritless possibilities.

conditions for the release of the liberal hostages are that Holland withdraw from NATO and end diplomatic relations with Israel. No government could accept such demands, and no serious terrorists could expect to gain them, yet these really mean it, and they have no secondary positions—money, safe-conduct to Libya, or whatever—to bargain toward. McCarthy suggests that they're showing off, turning terrorism into a work of art for the admiration of friendly competitors like "Carlos" or the PFLP, but such a notion removes the novel pretty far from real cases.

The difficulty increases as McCarthy turns "terrorism as art" into a plot that literally involves works of art. The hijackers, led by a former art student, get the bright idea of offering to ransom the rich collectors for their collections, to be flown in from New York and landed by helicopter. The theory is that, while the Dutch government might eventually decide to risk the captives' lives by assaulting the farmhouse they're held in, no government could risk the destruction of irreplaceable paintings:

The masterpieces would not only guarantee the security of the command post; they would be replacing their owners as hostages. Threats to execute one or all of them would have more powerful leverage than threats to execute one or all of the present company; the very notion of such an infamy would cause a thrill of horror to run round the civilized world.

Here an intriguing idea is literalized into nonsense. It is quite true that bourgeois culture places an immensely high value, monetary and otherwise, on unique works of art, and "civilized" people will feel something about (say) the destruction of a Rembrandt they've never seen that they may not feel about the destruction of persons they've never met. (McCarthy cites the case of the Kenwood House Vermeer, stolen by the IRA with a threat to mutilate it gradually; but the demands were not met, and the picture eventually turned up more or less intact.) It surely is *not* true, however, that peril to masterpieces would deter attack by any government in a way that peril to human hostages, particularly rich and influential ones, would not. Governments must answer to voters, and voters who care more about great works of art than about human lives are (fortunately, I should think) a small minority in any country. Once the hostages were replaced by paintings, those with the gravest



drawing of Mary McCarthy by J. Curry

worries would not be the governors but the insurance companies.

Even if McCarthy were right about the power of art, her story would be in trouble. The deal is that the paintings will only ransom their owners, not the liberal "missionaries." But since the latter group includes an American senator who once ran for president and the leader of the opposition in the Dutch parliament, it can be assumed safely that the governments in question would never permit the delivery of the art works, which by McCarthy's reasoning represent their only bargaining points, until the release of all the hostages is assured. I shudder to imagine the political consequences, in the real world, of a decision that allowed a few rich people to buy their safety while a group of statesmen, clergymen, educators, and writers were left in mortal peril.

Nor does McCarthy's picture of how hostages and terrorists get along together seem very credible. Her theory is, to be sure, based on reported fact—we're told, and it sounds sensible, that in such situations a kind of rapport can

develop between captives and captors, a mutual sense of shared discomfort and danger that can in some degree reduce their natural animosity. But I doubt that a couple of days of propinquity would turn the tone of things into that of summer campers and their counselors:

'We shall return now,' she announced abruptly, seizing Denise's arm and wheeling about. Cries of protest arose. 'Oh, Greet, that's not fair,' remonstrated Aileen. 'Jeroen said we were to have thirty minutes. We all heard him. And we've only been out ten.' 'Another five,' pleaded the pastor. 'It's such a wonderful day. You need the fresh air, Greet. It'll put roses in your cheeks.'

And there's something both unreal and strangely condescending about McCarthy's way of depicting the non-European hijackers—Palestinian and Latin American—as, in effect, amiable, childlike, protective servants of both their comrades and the captives, as if it all were something like a rather edgy house-party down on the old plantation.

Depending on one's own political and moral outlook, it is possible to think of

terrorists as common criminals, as crazed fanatics, or as tragic victims or heroic agents of significant political purposes. In each view they figure as extremely dangerous persons. But McCarthy's terrorists are cream puffs. Until the novel's finale, whose lethal consequences are quite accidental, the only living creature they kill or even wound is a cat; when they need a dead body to show the world they mean business, they shoot up a hostage who's already dead of a heart attack; when another victim is needed, they agree to pass over the available people and the valuable Cézannes and Vermeers, and destroy a mere Marie Laurencin. To the extent that it seeks to represent a frightening reality, *Cannibals and Missionaries* is fairly preposterous.

The book does better in describing personalities, or personality-types, under the pressures of bewilderment, anxiety, and fear. Here some significant categorizing is detectable. McCarthy has little use for American WASPS, of whatever political or social persuasion: the liberal college president is abysmally self-centered, the humanitarian Episcopal priest is an utter fool, the rich collectors are mostly fascistic snobs. (But it helps if you're old, like the dimly decent-minded Episcopal bishop, or both old and epicene, like the closet-

Democrat connoisseur Charles Tennant, one of the book's nicest characters.) Jews and foreign-born Calvinists do better—McCarthy clearly approves of Sophie Weil, the attractive journalist; she feels some sympathy for Victor Lenz, the quite unattractive Middle East specialist with CIA connections; she can tolerate a Scottish Presbyterian like Archibald Cameron, now a (yes) dour Oxford historian; and she's fascinated by Jeroen, the leader of the hijackers, whose rigid Dutch-Protestant upbringing drove him to art studies, radical politics, terrorism, and finally a recognition of what the sin of despair is all about.

But the two characters McCarthy likes best are both failed (or failing) Catholics, as well as being lawyers, successful politicians, poets, and men of the world. One, Senator James Carey, comes uncomfortably close to being a portrait of the author's namesake, Eugene, and it's enough to say here that for all Carey's charm, sophistication, and wisdom, his vanity and cynicism permit him to be killed off at the end. His counterpart, the Dutch statesman Henk Van Vliet de Jonge, has all of Carey's virtues and none of his flaws; he's also a better poet, and he gets out of the story with only a serious concussion. Carey and Van Vliet are the right spectators for the drama McCarthy means to present. Unlike the other hostages, they know how the world works, they can keep cool under pressure, they are humanly interested in their nominal enemies, they know as artists that larger issues are at stake in immediate actions. (If Mary McCarthy *had* married that "Irish lawyer," one suspects that he

would have been both bookish and politically ambitious.) Though Van Vliet's faith is lost and Carey's is in some doubt, both have been prepared to see the secular world in the concerned yet detached way the author sees it too.

This may be rather too convenient for McCarthy's purposes, and rather too hard on all the people in the book who haven't had the advantage of a Catholic upbringing. And I wonder if the statesman-poet, our Sidney and our perfect man, is quite as credible a type as he used to be; in a world like ours, unfortunately, it seems likely that one of the talents will eventually consume the other. But though I'm not convinced that the cultivated political man is the finest type our age affords, I must admit that Carey and Van Vliet (and the terrorist Jeroen, their peer on the other side) largely escape the outlines of caricature that enclose most of the novel's characters and achieve a considerable semblance of complex life.

I can't imagine not being interested in anything written by Mary McCarthy, and *Cannibals and Missionaries* has pleasure and instruction to give to anyone who values wit, intelligence, and seriousness of purpose. But as a realistic novel it isn't very convincing, and I wish that she had given us her thoughts on art, violence, and the inadequacy of most secular roles in some more direct, or more oblique and fantastic, form.

Thomas R. Edwards

Thomas R. Edwards teaches English at Rutgers and is author of *Imagination and Power* (Oxford).



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Breaking Ranks: A Political Memoir

by Norman Podhoretz

(Harper & Row, \$15)

It will never be known what acts of cowardice have been motivated by the fear of not looking sufficiently progressive.

—Charles Péguy, in *Notre Patrie*

Among the writers and intellectuals who came of age in this country in the 1950s, Norman Podhoretz's was the first critical voice to sound a public warning about the spiritual temper of

the generation—the so-called “conformist” generation—which was just then establishing itself on the cultural scene. “It would be a mistake,” he wrote in 1957, “to accept the sobriety and composure of the young generation at face value.” The admired moral posture of the young intellectual of the 1950s—“a perfect attitude of the civilized adult: poised, sober, judicious, prudent,” as he

characterized it—he found hollow and unconvincing. The literature being produced by writers in their 20s, he observed, was “literature of an unearned maturity.” It represented, he said, little more than “the fear of experience.”

Mr. Podhoretz then went on to predict—correctly, as it turned out—what the fate of this intellectual generation would be:

The truth is that this is a restless generation, and as it grows older it gets more and more restless; it is beginning to feel cheated of its youth. . . . Since this is a generation that has willed itself from childhood directly into adulthood, it still has its adolescence to go through—for a man can never skip adolescence, he can only postpone it.

When the Berkeley rebellion erupted some years later, this postponed adolescence was seized upon with a vengeance by the very people Mr. Podhoretz had in mind, and the ensuing cult of youth that engulfed the entire culture, transforming its politics, its morals, and its whole outlook on life, wrote *finis* to whatever remained of the 1950s idea of “sobriety and composure.” Mr. Podhoretz had predicted rain—but what we got was the deluge.

It is important, I think, to bear this forgotten history in mind in approaching *Breaking Ranks*, Mr. Podhoretz’s embattled memoir of political and intellectual life since the 1950s. For with his provocative essay on “The Young Generation” in 1957, Mr. Podhoretz had entered upon his vocation as an intellectual with a penchant for breaking ranks—for separating himself from, and openly challenging, the pieties of his own milieu (which, in the 1950s, was the liberal anti-Stalinist milieu of *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*).

To challenge one’s own group is never a happy task, yet this was the sort of service that intellectuals once had been expected to perform, and were even admired for performing. There was a time (what an age of innocence it looks like now!) when even Mr. Podhoretz was admired for—as Richard Poirier put it in a sympathetic review of *Doings and Undoings* in 1964—“refusing to settle for the range of choices with which his life seems ready to surround him.” But all that was before the catastrophic *événements* of the 1960s introduced a new and more militant mode of conformism into American intellectual life—the reign of radical orthodoxy that, in its fierce intolerance for dissenting views,

made the old “conformist” attitudes of the 1950s a model of enlightenment and benignity by comparison.

It was one thing for Mr. Podhoretz to break ranks with the liberal anti-Stalinists who had been his mentors in the 1950s. This, after all, was done in the name of a new radicalism—the radicalism of Paul Goodman and Norman O. Brown that Mr. Podhoretz brought to *Commentary*, theretofore the very citadel of liberal anti-radicalism, when he took over as editor in 1960. Dissent in the name of radicalism was OK. It was the expected intellectual posture—one might even say, the traditional posture of intellectuals, especially in America.

But it was something else—an alternative regarded as morally reprehensible—for him (or indeed anyone) to question the values of his new comrades on the left. Dissent from radical orthodoxy, not to mention open opposition to the movement—even if derived from a scrupulous examination of “how one’s ideas worked out in practice,” as Mr. Podhoretz puts it in *Breaking Ranks*—came to be regarded as absolutely anathema in the increasingly poisonous atmosphere of the late 1960s. When, therefore, Mr. Podhoretz began to

pursue this line of criticism with his characteristic vigor, it was more or less inevitable that he would be denounced as an apostate and a sell-out—and he was.

Breaking Ranks is an attempt to tell the whole story of this initial swing to the left in the palmy days of the Kennedy administration—a movement in which Mr. Podhoretz played a crucial role—and of the author’s (but not his alone, of course) subsequent recoil from the kind of politics that this radical movement unleashed upon our entire society. This is a combative book, vivid in its account of people, ideas, and events, and unusually candid in its criticism of celebrated individuals—both living and dead—who have rarely, if ever, been subjected to such shrewd and searching analysis. Certain pages of *Breaking Ranks*—I think particularly of the broken-hearted account of Lionel Trilling in his decline, and of the blistering portrait of Jason Epstein in his prime—are likely to haunt their subjects, and shape our view of them, for as long as they are remembered.

What is remarkable about *Breaking Ranks*, however, is the way it moves beyond the quarrels that have divided and embittered the literary intellectuals

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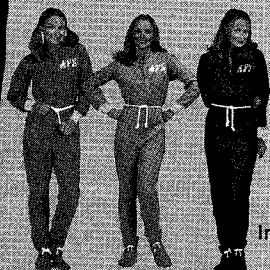
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of Mr. Podhoretz's immediate circle into the larger world of practical politics where so many of the ideas of these intellectuals began, in the heated-up atmosphere of the 1960s, to have an unexpected—and at times, even a decisive—influence. In dealing with this fateful link between culture and politics in the period of the Vietnam War and its aftermath, Mr. Podhoretz has few equals among the writers of his time. Although nobody knows better than he how foolishly myopic intellectuals can sometimes be in their short views of what is politically important—he recalls, for example, a time in the early 1960s when Dwight Macdonald and Robert Lowell, later to achieve a certain renown for their stand against the war, reproached him for publishing so many "boring" articles about Vietnam—he also understands the deeper current that makes politics, in a society like ours, so extremely vulnerable to cultural challenge.

This, indeed, is the great subject of *Breaking Ranks*, and Mr. Podhoretz—in this respect a true disciple of Lionel Trilling—handles it with mastery. In the pages he devotes to Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, and Robert Kennedy—and in the glimpses he gives us of the curious career of Richard Goodwin—we are treated to a dazzling account of precisely how the ideas of cultural radicalism, first adumbrated in journals of intellectual debate, succeeded in reshaping the policies of the Democratic party, and thence the country as a whole.

But there is also a personal story in *Breaking Ranks*—the story of its author's defection from the new radical consensus he helped to create, and the consequences of which he grew to abhor. No one has written so well about the climate of fear and intimidation that this radical consensus generated in almost every quarter of our cultural and political life, and about the opportunism and cowardice it spawned. By the early 1970s, the "fear of not looking sufficiently progressive" that Péguy spoke of at the turn of the century had turned into what Jean-François Revel, in *The Totalitarian Temptation*, called the fear "of committing the sin of anti-Communism," and Mr. Podhoretz was naturally pilloried for standing against it—and for opposing so many other consequences of the radicalism that had now come to dominate the new liberalism.

That this climate of fear has now been somewhat abated—as I believe it has—is

due, in no small measure, to the battle, a battle of ideas, that is recounted in this book. In essence, it is a battle for the soul of liberalism—the battle that was joined in Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* long before the events recounted in this book took place, and that has now been eloquently redefined in *Breaking Ranks*. On the jacket of the book Mr. Podhoretz is now described as a "neoconservative," but the book he has written tells us

another story. It suggests that "neo-conservatism" may, after all, be something of a chimera—that, if Mr. Podhoretz can be said to represent it, it may only be a kind of liberalism in exile impatiently preparing for its return.

Hilton Kramer

Hilton Kramer is chief art critic for the *New York Times*.

The Boer War by Thomas Pakenham

(Random House; \$20)

In the Boer War, which broke out in October 1899, the British Empire pitted its strength against two small South African republics—the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The Boers who ran these republics, and who were authorized by the Bible (they contended) to treat the tribal Africans as little better than animals, were a community of fiercely independent, backward, Calvinist stock-farmers of Dutch and French descent. The Transvaalers had already defeated an imperial force at Majuba in 1881; the two republics had then been loosely bound to the empire by a paramountcy clause in the London Convention of 1884; and they were now engaged in a *Tweede Vryheidsoorlog*, or "Second War of Freedom."

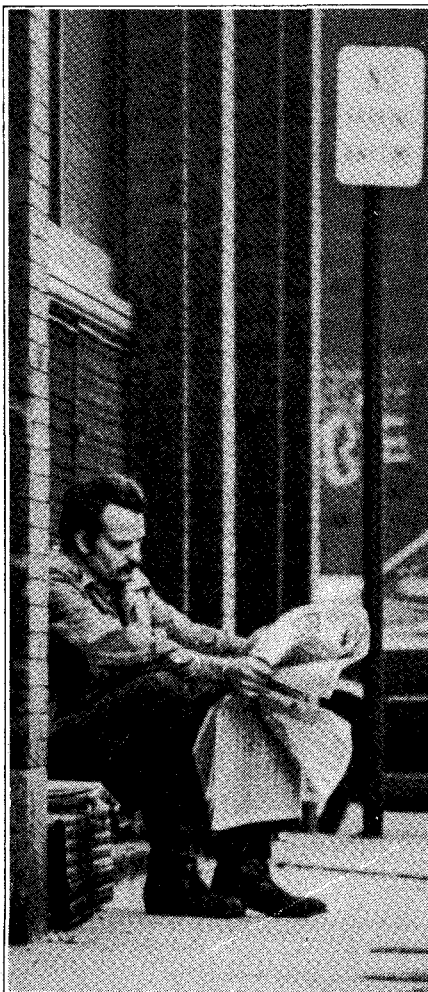
They had been provoked deliberately, however, into declaring this one; and in England it was confidently expected to be short and cheap and "over by Christmas." It lasted in fact for more than two and a half years; it cost the treasury some £200,000,000; and its price in lives was 22,000 British, 25,000 Afrikaners (including the thousands of Boer women and children who died of disease and malnutrition in concentration camps), and an unspecifiable number of native Africans. As Thomas Pakenham writes in this important and painful book, it was "the longest . . . the bloodiest . . . and the most humiliating war for Britain between 1815 and 1914."

Its first phase culminated in the "Black Week" of British reverses in December 1899, when Lord Methuen was defeated at Magersfontein, General Gatacre at Stormberg, and Sir Redvers Buller at

Colenso, leaving Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith isolated and under siege. In its second phase under Lord Roberts the three border towns were relieved, the two Boer capitals were captured, President Kruger of the Transvaal fled into Portuguese territory, and the

formal Boer armies were dispersed. In its third phase, from October 1900 to May 1902, the contest frayed out into guerrilla warfare, where a mounted infantry under such masters as Botha, De la Rey, De Wet, and Smuts could only be subdued by Lord Kitchener (said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to the consternation of the House of Commons) through sheer "methods of barbarism"—blockhouses, barbed wire, scorched earth, and concentration camps. It was a dismal victory and, as regards imperial prestige, a calamitous defeat.

The Boers considered themselves a chosen people, providentially designed to repel that tide of industrialism which had transformed Europe and the United States. And it was because industrialism had willy-nilly caught up with the Boers that the war was fought at all. In 1886 gold, illimitable gold it seemed, if of poor quality and expensive to mine, was discovered along the Witwatersrand above Johannesburg in the transvaal; and if the Transvaal government in Pretoria had not been inefficient, grasping, and fundamentally hostile, the goldfields would have been a better investment than they actually were.



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Thus J. A. Hobson was justified in announcing, as early as 1900, that the war was a response to the pressure of international finance, and many writers have since perceived it as fitting neatly into the Marxist pattern of imperialist war. But here one encounters some difficulties. The Jameson Raid, to take a crude example, that foolish abortive filibuster—an attempt to stir up rebellion among the unenfranchised foreigners in Johannesburg—was planned in South Africa by Cecil Rhodes, financed in London by the gold magnate, Otto Beit of Wernher and Beit, and privately encouraged by the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain. Yet the Jameson Raid merely revealed that the gold industrialists in Johannesburg did not trust one another, that their interests conflicted, their political objectives were obscure, and that they had really neither taste nor desire for a fuss with Kruger.

Even more to the point is the fact that the statesman most responsible for provoking the war was the high commissioner for South Africa, Sir Alfred Milner (or Lord Milner as he inevitably became); and Milner, although himself a financial expert, would not have cared

too much if the goldfields had been destroyed in the war, as they very nearly were. His motives were entirely political. He perceived that the goldfields had given the Transvaal a magnetism—both political and commercial—strong enough to pull its ally, the Orange Free State, and the two British colonies of the Cape and Natal out of the imperial orbit altogether. To prevent this, to convert the Transvaal into a reformed and Anglicized colony, he was willing and even anxious to use force. A federated South Africa, attractive to British immigrants, responsive to the will of the metropolitan power in Whitehall and Westminster . . . this would be the happy result.

There was nothing original in this: it had been dreamed, long before the discovery of gold, by another high commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere. But Milner dreamed it with a difference. He made it an essential part of an ideal that had long formed and festered in his mind—the ideal of a new world-state, a federated Greater Britain, composed of the white colonies of settlement (Australia, Canada, New Zealand) and ruled by a grand parliament in London. Like Joseph Chamberlain's less pompous

tariff reform, this simply ignored the possibility that the colonies of settlement might (as in fact they did) have other ideas.

Milner was no jingo. He was a neo-idealist, convinced that the British Empire, so clearly in decline, must be restored to its rightful place as the active principle in some superhuman unity between the moral and the material worlds. Born in Germany of an English mother and a half-German father, he had a brilliant career at Oxford's and Jowett's Balliol, and went on to develop a fanatical belief in the superiority of the British race, along with a contempt for the British Constitution as being a bar to effective government. These were, to say the least, uncomfortable traits. Milner was caught between the empire as power and the empire as civilization, and the former prevailed. Just beneath the surface of his "New Imperialism" there lurked a monster—a Caliban, one might almost say, trying to convert himself into a Prospero.

Thomas Pakenham's account of the origins of the Boer War is exhaustively researched and serves not so much to revise as to enrich and fortify what is already known. In the end, it still amounts to this—that Milner was sent to South Africa after the Jameson Raid in order to put a damper on Afrikaner nationalism by negotiating with Paul Kruger the enfranchisement of the *Uitlanders* in Johannesburg. These were the Europeans (mostly British) who had flocked to the goldfields in the thousands—they may have constituted half the male population of the Transvaal.

Chamberlain at the Colonial Office was willing to compromise and so, with infinite reluctance, was Kruger, a valiant, cunning old fundamentalist who believed that the world was flat. But Milner conducted the negotiations in so cold, so implacable a manner as to drive Kruger into a declaration of war.

Pakenham's account of this war—mostly from British sources with some valuable Afrikaans additions—is distinctly revisionist, and especially in the upgrading and downgrading of military reputations. Buller, the most maligned of British commanders, is revealed as a good general who learned from his defeats; Baden-Powell, hero of Mafeking, becomes less of a showman and more an able and cruel soldier; Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith, is here just a melancholy shut-in; Roberts and Kitchener muddle the transport system.

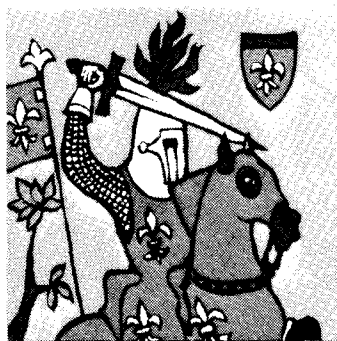
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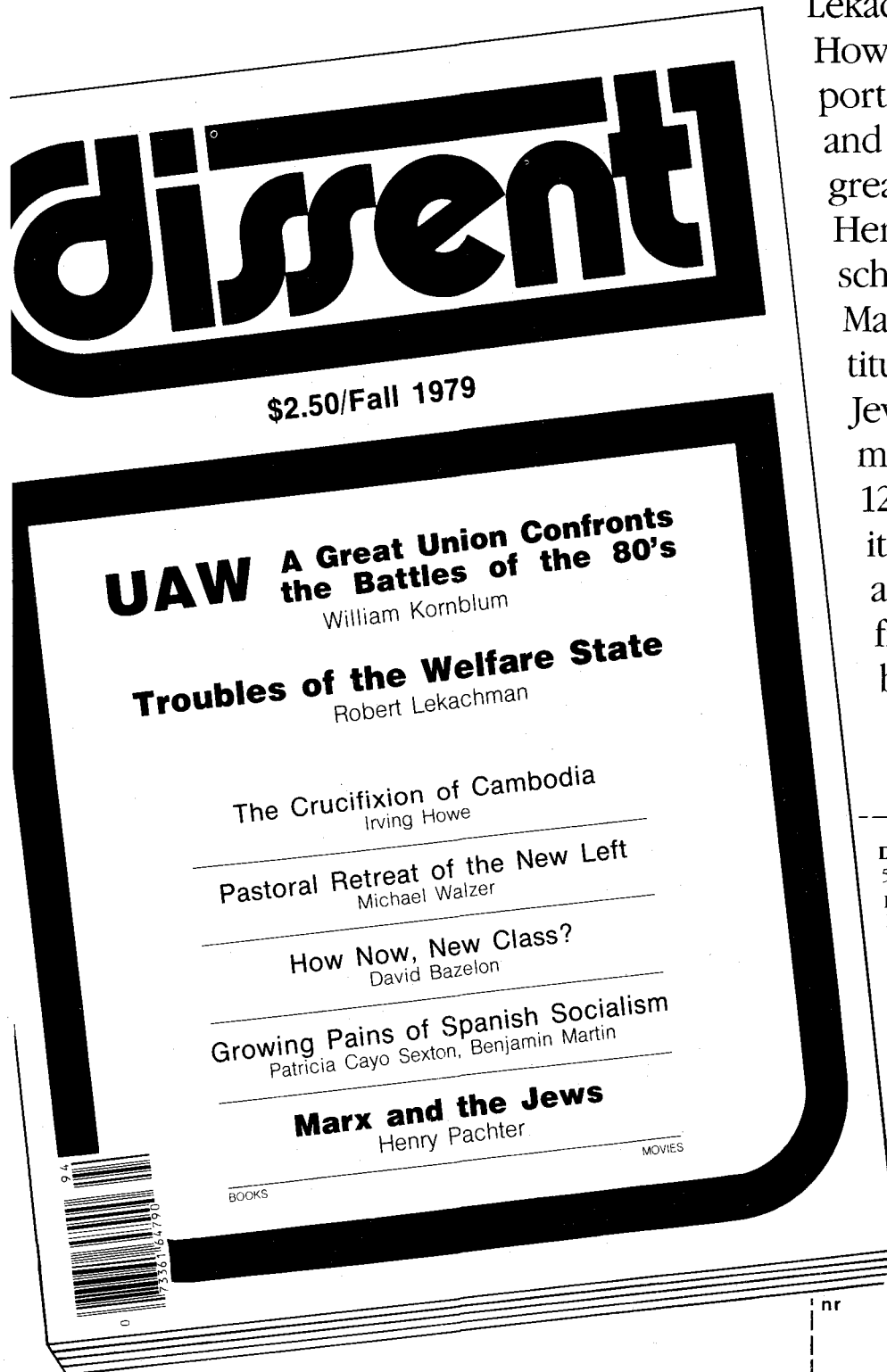
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Did the Boer War teach anything specific? Rudyard Kipling, in a poem about the whole sad business, produced the following line: "We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us jolly well right." This peculiar language, at once jaunty and handdog, testifies to the deep humiliation that Kipling felt. As for the lesson, it seems to be that mounted infantry are better than foot soldiers, and that the empire must modernize itself in order to be "an Empire yet." On both counts, he was too late.

The actual lesson was that the defensive had obtained a tactical superiority over the offensive. Boer marksmen, good or indifferent, standing in slit trenches, and using long-range, small-bore magazine-loading rifles, had demonstrably set up a field of fire so terrible that it would take a superiority of eight to one to cross it successfully.

British armies, fighting small imperial wars in Africa, against opponents armed with spears and muskets, had already demonstrated this, I believe: they instinctively used a strategic offensive and a tactical defensive. But they were little wars, little regarded. Even after the Boer War had revealed its utter fallibility, the close order, head-on assault was still taught at Aldershot. Professional English soldiers still believed that the offensive "will to win" had a strangely pure Galahad-like quality which would overcome everything.

Hence the cold-bath, hands-off doctrine which Baden-Powell instilled into his super-patriotic Boy Scout movement; hence the moral value which Lord Roberts gave to his campaign for a national service in peacetime; hence, when World War I arrived, the cavalry generals in command behaved as if the Boer War had never been fought, although they themselves had fought in it. They continued those senseless, horrible, methodical assaults on the Western Front. Thus the Boer War became a somber rehearsal for World War I.

In its imperial context, the Boer War was a species of civil war, and therefore peculiarly ferocious. It was also a war between white men and as such—again in the context of an empire with a huge conglomeration of non-white dependencies—a species of suicide. And yet the men who fought one another so bitterly also constituted a white confraternity, as regards the Africans whom they starved and bullied or turned out into the veldt to be murdered, who became their diggers and drovers in forced labor and (just

occasionally on the British side out of dire necessity) their armed defenders under Baden-Powell or their armed scouts and watchmen under Kitchener.

Pakenham's is indeed a cruel story, both meticulously and dramatically told, with flash after flash of brilliant insight. It is also told with compassion and decency; it is not hemophilic, its chapters do not spurt blood for blood's sake; it is not unmindful of the valor and the self-sacrifice. There is no mistaking Pakenham's underlying message: that behind it all there looms the huge impending shadow of black versus white.

It is all too evident in the immediate aftermath. Milner used to say that his first objective as high commissioner was to see that the natives were "justly governed." He called this inelegantly his "nigger problem," and he seems to have meant a paternal not a civil rights government. Whatever he meant, it was shelved; shelved when the defeated republics were turned into crown colonies; shelved when they were restored to self-government; shelved when South Africa, in a lauded act of "generosity," was granted dominion status in 1909. On that occasion another imperialist, Prime Minister Asquith,

HUMMINGBIRD, LOS ALTOS

I hear you in there, hummingbird,
In the thicket of the orange tree,
Whirring of wings, click of beak,
Furious intent assault
Upon the honeyed blossom.

You come from foxglove bells
In a garden overlooking a great river,
In a summer long gone.

But I deceive myself. The ruby-throat
Does not cross the Rockies.
You are perhaps an Anna. Suddenly
You leave the tree, spiral
Into a grey sky, turn
In horizontal flight,
And are gone.

Janet Lewis

confidently and "in their best interests" (he said) left the treatment of the natives entirely in the control of Afrikanerdom. It was the most affable hand-washing in modern British history.

"Imperialism" once referred to such gimcrack phenomena as the empire of Napoleon III. The new "Imperialism" resembled its predecessor in one respect and one only; it, too, stood for a hollow sham.

George Dangerfield

George Dangerfield is a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian.

Dreamers & Dealers: An Intimate Appraisal of the Women's Movement by Leah Fritz

(Beacon Press; \$12.95)

If the 1970s have been hard times for reformers and radicals in general, they have been particularly daunting for feminists. While reformers struggling for racial and economic justice have had to slow down and bide their time in the face of external backlash, feminists have been challenged from within as well as without, and on grounds that have been principled as well as merely tactical.

The times are thus more than ripe for a searching look at the history of the women's movement, a critical examination of its theoretical and tactical controversies, and a sympathetic diagnosis/prognosis of its present and future. *Dreamers & Dealers* seems to aspire to be that book, and a glance at its table of contents suggests its purview is suitable to the task. Certainly, Leah

Fritz—"a movement wise feminist, seasoned veteran of the civil rights and antiwar movements, and writer for the *Village Voice* and *Ms. magazine*," in the words of the jacket blurb—brings to her subject a willingness to be self-critical and a keen sense of the schismatic tendencies of feminism. Sad to say, however, she does not have the capacity for careful analysis, the historical and comparative perspective (evinced in Sara Evan's *Personal Politics*, a recent account of the sources of the women's movement in the civil rights struggle), or the readiness to submit her most cherished beliefs to reevaluation that such a book ultimately demands. Hence, although she asks enough embarrassing questions to bring down the wrath of both lesbian separatists and radical Marxists on her head, she never places her analysis in the context of a wider American political culture that might offer some answers.

More fatal still to her aspirations, she adheres steadfastly to the simplistic notion that injustice, immorality, and war are to be traced exclusively to MEN—to the ubiquitous "patriarchy" which lurks "everywhere" and which unfortunately becomes the beginning and the end of every attempt at explanation she assays. Competing analytic perspectives are simply dismissed, as when she proclaims that "Marx and Engels' great contributions to economic philosophy" and "Freud's contributions to psychology" are "equally inapplicable, with a few exceptions, to women." The pertinent moral categories are simply MAN (read power, competition, violence, and oppression) and WOMAN (read powerlessness, cooperation, peacefulness, and victimization).

Now man-hating can have its tactical place (as all hate does) in fueling a movement for change and reform in which men and their laws are among the chief objects of reform; but as the crucial concept in a critical reassessment of feminism, as a basis for thoughtful analysis and prognosis, it leaves a very great deal to be desired.

This is all the more true in light of Fritz's useful focus in the central portions of her book on the divisions and controversies which have splintered and weakened the women's movement over the years. If she does little to explore their roots in principle, she does conscientiously raise such problems as leadership versus participation and egalitarianism (can or ought a movement directed against hierarchy and patriarchal domination have leaders?),

radical political action versus mainstream political reform (can feminists win their battles through conventional politics and if so at what price?), lesbianism versus heterosexuality (are women who sleep with men traitors to themselves and their sisters?), and class-based Marxist analysis versus sex-based feminist analysis (is economic class or sexual gender the primary base of oppression?)

Fritz's account of these controversies tends to the anecdotal and personal. On the whole she's for tolerance with respect to sexual preferences (though she seems to regard her own heterosexuality as something of an antiquarian embarrassment), for the priority of sexual over racial or economic oppression (women are the "true niggers of the world" in the 1960s phrase), and for a purist, non-Marxist feminism. "The left," she concludes with an ingenuous political naiveté that is apparent throughout *Dreamers & Dealers*, "is just a group of men out of power who want to replace those men currently in power," and feminists should stop letting themselves be "guilt-tripped" by it.

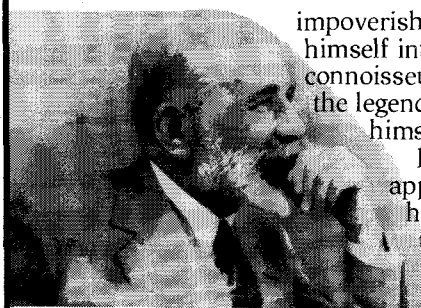
Provocative as all this may be, Fritz stops short of examining her own choices at their radical (fundamental)

base. There is no discussion of the rich and ambiguous relations that obtain among gender, psychological development, and social class (Juliet Mitchell comes to mind); no discussion of the problems of reform and revolution in a consensual, centrist, gradualist American nation (Louis Hartz and Daniel Boorstin raised the issue in paradigmatic form); no discussion of the impact of materialism and narcissism on all political ideologies including feminism (Christopher Lasch's *The Culture of Narcissism* is pertinent reading); no attempt to grapple with the fundamental conceptual incompatibility of class-based and gender-based forms of political analysis. Consequently, what aspires to be a major appraisal turns out to be a memoir—but a memoir without the saving personal subtlety one might expect from an "intimate" treatment.

Benjamin R. Barber

Benjamin R. Barber is professor of political philosophy at Rutgers University, editor of *Political Theory*, and author, most recently, of *Liberating Feminism* (Delta) and the forthcoming *The Strong Theory of Democracy*.

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Correspondence, from page 7

use of the pronoun "we." On the one hand there's the normal use that makes "we" identical with the individuals to whom it refers (you and I are going to the football game; if we want to be on time, we'd better leave now). On the other there is an abstract and collective use of "we" not resolvable into individual terms (should we be in Vietnam?). This last "we" takes as its reference such abstractions as "the nation," "the people," and "America."

Allow Hughes to treat the two as identical and he always wins the argument: if I am criminally assaulted and you are beaten and my daughter is

raped, the collective "we," without dispute, remains unharmed. It has the happy invulnerability of any abstraction to danger, death, or physical harm. But that does not settle the question of whether my daughter would have gone unraped had she had a handgun in the closet, whether you and I, as ordinary law-abiding citizens, are entitled to carry handguns for our own protection. It does no good, as I am being violently assaulted on the street, to reflect that Professor Hughes's collective "we" is suffering no harm at all. It is a bloodless abstraction, and it has no blood to shed.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

In most cities across the country (or "markets," as they're called), the TV networks all run their evening news programs in the same time slot, so that it's impossible for a citizen to watch more than one. Television's calculation seems to be that people don't want to be bothered with too much information, so why make it available? To enlighten, stimulate, probe, and question are not television's purposes, and people who have grown up getting their information from the tube reflect TV's values. Already, members of the TV generation comprise a majority of the population. Soon they'll be running things, and we all should shudder at the prospect. In keeping with their pattern of discouraging substantive thought, the networks last Sunday night contrived to force viewers to make a choice between *Jaws*, one of the most popular movies ever produced, and "Teddy," a CBS report on Senator Edward Kennedy. Predictably, only 20 percent of those watching television were tuned to the Kennedy program, while 63 percent watched the movie.

Advance publicity suggested that on CBS, correspondent Roger Mudd would do to Kennedy what the shark does to that nude woman swimmer in the opening sequence of *Jaws*: leave nothing behind but a few shredded pieces. But I don't think that was what happened. To be sure, Kennedy did not come across as the shining leader that Americans are hungering for. But I think Roger Mudd and CBS came off worse: trivial, gossip-minded, leering, and pandering to a low grade of public taste. I do not object to questions about Chappaquiddick, or even to CBS's devoting a quarter of its hour-long program to the subject. Chappaquiddick raises legitimate and troubling questions about Kennedy's character, his behavior in a crisis, his respect for the law, his apparent willingness to use his public power for his private protection. Mudd had an opportunity to grill Kennedy, who volunteered to "answer any question you want, right now." But the questions Mudd actually put were soft. As a result, Kennedy repeatedly slipped away from Mudd's grasp. CBS did not advance the issue of Chappaquiddick at all. It did not investigate anew. It wandered over the old ground and merely asked, "How will Kennedy handle this?" I thought he

"handled" it adequately, but the real question remains one of reality: what did Kennedy actually do at Chappaquiddick and afterward?

Another quarter of the program was a hodgepodge of images and interviews about Kennedy's family, the possibility of his assassination, his attitudes toward the press, and the state of his marriage. Mudd's introduction to this segment indicated that there is no private Kennedy, that the man is merely a walking political roadshow. Yet another fourth of the program consisted of Mudd's unsuccessfully asking Kennedy about extramarital affairs and differences between him and his brothers—and then badgering him because he refused to let the public in on his private life. I thought Kennedy told Mudd altogether too much about himself. In answer to questions about his marriage and his sex life, Kennedy should have said, "It's none of your business," because it is none of *our* business. If Kennedy's sexual activities involved criminality or reckless conduct, or if they subjected him to blackmail, then they would be a legitimate matter of public discussion. But no one has demonstrated any of this, and so what Kennedy does in private ought to stay private. To the extent it's talked about it ought to remain at the level of gossip and should not be transformed into a matter of major discussion in the campaign.

This country has rather more urgent things to debate in 1980 than our candidates' marital or extramarital activities. We have huge economic choices to make, and energy policy choices and foreign policy choices. How we decide them may well determine whether the US stays a prosperous and powerful nation or begins to fade as a civilization. Yet in apportioning its time on the Kennedy program, CBS devoted only a quarter to the man's public career, and even less of that to a discussion of issues. Here I thought Kennedy was shockingly inadequate. For example, his answer on energy was: "I think it's one thing for OPEC countries to control the price of oil in the international market, but I find it unacceptable that the OPEC countries are going to control the price here in the United States." Kennedy was either displaying massive ignorance of world

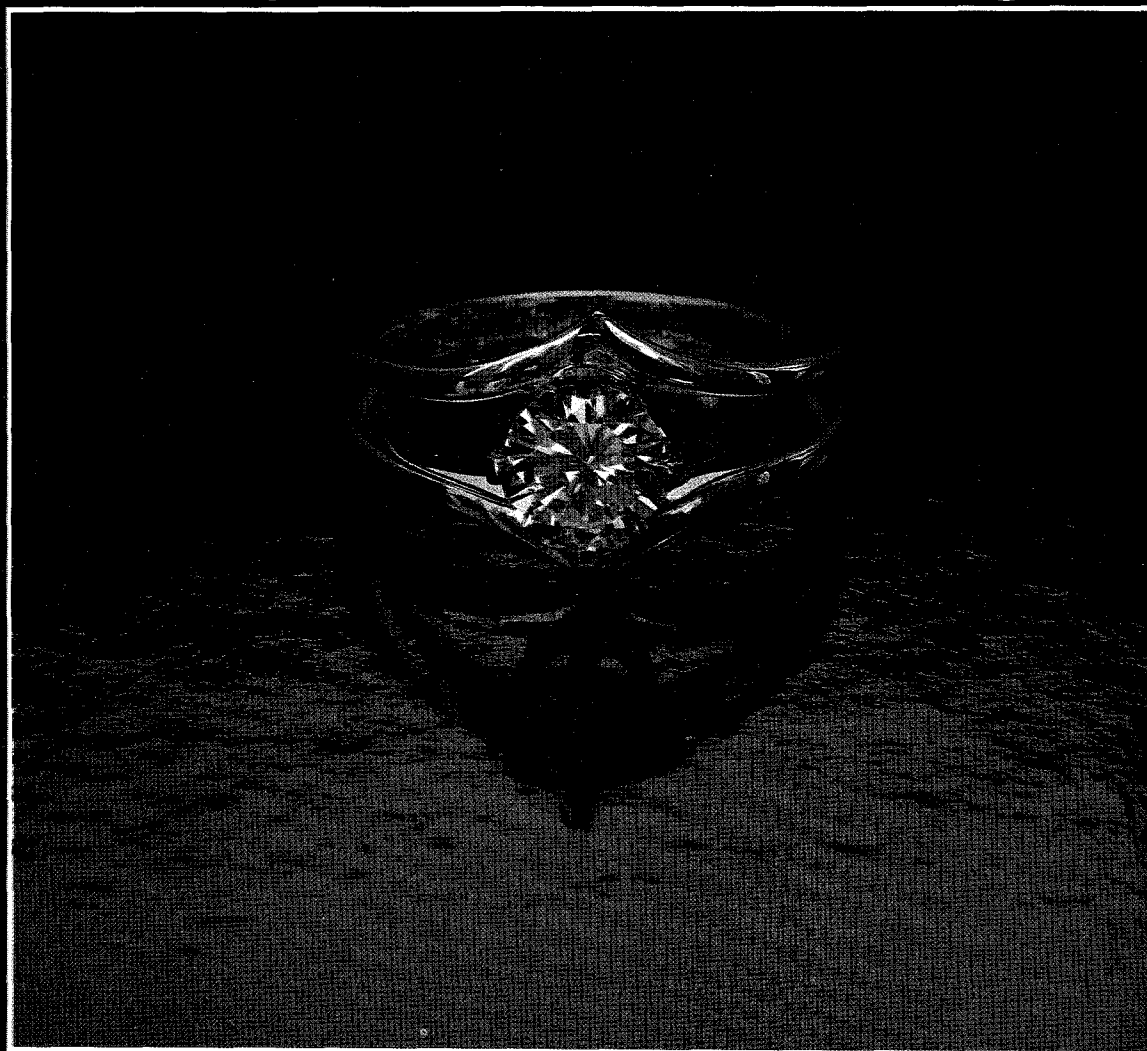
economics or else playing demagogically on the ignorance of the American people. Mudd should have caught him, but he didn't. And there was not a single question about Kennedy's foreign policy—his attitudes about Russia or Cuba or the Middle East, any of which are likely to have more impact on America, if Kennedy is elected, than his family or lifestyle.

In retrospect, it's encouraging that American TV viewers chose *Jaws* ahead of "Teddy"—real entertainment ahead of entertainment masquerading as political reporting. Unfortunately, though, most of the time the public can't avoid television's version of politics. In fact, for much of the public, much of the time, American politics *is* television politics. Television now dominates the way politics works, who runs for office, how they run, even how they govern. Worst of all, television has affected what Americans expect of their politicians. The country wants a "leader," but what it really seems to want is a charismatic superstar. The country is used to seeing problems solved in a half hour or an hour on TV, and any officeholder who can't do what Kojack can deserves to have his show canceled. And just as they've gotten used to sitting passively in front of the tube to be entertained, Americans have the idea that someone should lead them, but that they have no responsibility to follow.

Television values affect the written press, too. Because newspaper and magazine editors know that TV has gotten the public used to a diet of gossip and trivia, they conclude that gossipy trivia is politically important. From there, it is just a short jump to the point where newspapers and magazines start serving up sex, style, glamor, and scandal themselves. This very magazine recently has experienced the temptation to elevate Ted Kennedy's sex life to a subject of political discussion; fortunately, we resisted. But it's virtually certain that others won't resist, and that the 1980 election in America will fulfill television's ultimate purpose—to turn politics into soap opera. Unfortunately, while we Americans are dreamily absorbed in front of our TV sets, live sharks will be out prowling in the waters of the real world.

M.M.K.

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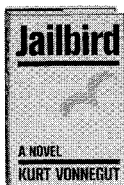
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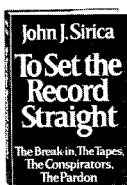
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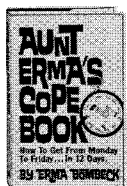
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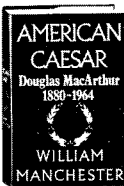
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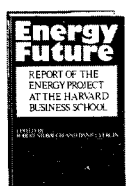
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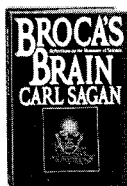
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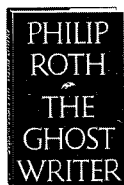
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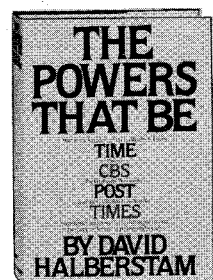
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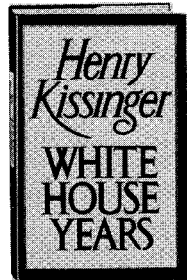
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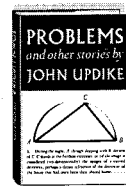
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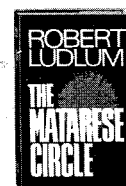
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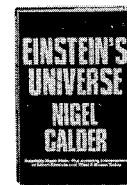
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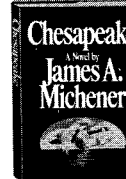
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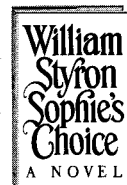
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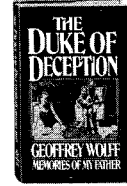
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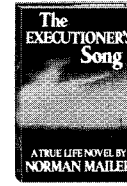
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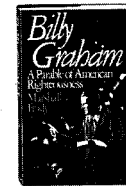
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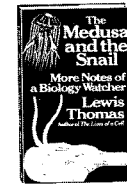
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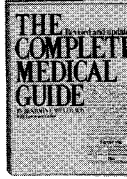
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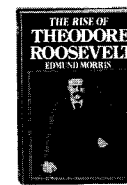
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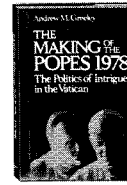
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